

APRIL 10, 1943

# AMERICA

## INTERNATIONAL TRADE AFTER THE WAR

Thomas F. Divine

## PAPAL NAMES

Thomas J. McMahon

## SALARY LIMITS

Benjamin L. Masse

## RATIONS AND THE DEVIL

Donald G. Gwynn

## FASCISM AND ECONOMICS

Don Luigi Sturzo

## HENRY JAMES CENTENARY

John Edward Dineen

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OF BOOKS

CRITICISM  
OF ART

PARADE  
OF EVENTS



## A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXIX

15 CENTS

NUMBER 1

## INFORMATION TEASE

1. Who ordered the War Labor Board to maintain the September 15 wage levels — Congress, the President, the Department of Labor?

2. How much of the 1942 income did the Government take for war purposes — \$60,000,000,000; \$20,000,000,000, \$38,000,000,000?

3. If you wanted to write to the American Chief of Chaplains, would you address: Brigadier General William R. Arnold, General Louis Hershey, Rev. William A. Maguire?

4. What percentage of the national income did labor receive in 1942 — 70%, 85%, 64%? What percentage in 1929 — 85%, 64%, 73%?

5. If we had another war in 1980, and the present birth-rate continues, how much additional manpower could we count on—500,000; 15,000,000; 1,500,000?

6. You read AMERICA. You would like to recommend it to a non-Catholic friend. What specific reason would you give for recommending its current affairs columns?

7. Who said, "God, the wind is Yours. You own it. Order it to blow back that rain" — and on what occasion? Joshua? James C. Whittaker? Napoleon?

8. What current Broadway comedy has been produced and directed by George Abbott — "Something for the Boys," "The Skin of Our Teeth," "Kiss and Tell"?

Answers on Page 20

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 → **FOR VICTORY** ←  
**BUY UNITED STATES**  
**WAR BONDS AND STAMPS**  
 ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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# AMERICA

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APRIL 10, 1943

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## WHO'S WHO

THOMAS A. DIVINE, S.J., has an imposing array of credentials for the discussion of free trade as a factor in a stable, peaceful world order. At present Dean of the Robert A. Johnston College of Business Administration at Marquette University, Milwaukee, Associate of the National War Labor Board, and President of the Catholic Economic Association, the Rev. Dr. Divine received his Doctorate in Economics from the London School of Economics. . . . THOMAS J. MCMAHON, who contributes the fascinating study of the names of the Popes, and their meaning, obtained his Doctorate from the Gregorian University in Rome, and is editor of publications for the United States Catholic Historical Society. Father McMahon has also contributed articles to many scholarly journals, and is chairman for Liturgies at the annual Fordham Conference on Eastern Rites. . . . BENJAMIN L. MASSE, Associate Editor of AMERICA, gives us a ring-side seat at the battle between Congress and the President over the limitation of salaries to \$25,000. . . . DON LUIGI STURZO, as a leader in the movement for Christian social action in Italy following the last war, speaks from first-hand knowledge of the forces which delivered that country to Fascism. . . . DONALD G. GWYNN, in Lent, of all times, turns his hand to writing a little campaign literature for the Infernal forces. His prospectus for promoting business over rationing restrictions may remind readers of some of the old Prohibition days dodges. . . . JOHN EDWARD DINEEN, a graduate of Saint Joseph's College, Philadelphia, is a member of the faculty there, teaching a course on the novel. He edited, in 1936, selected essays of Hilaire Belloc. The James centenary stimulates him to offer this appraisal of a most diversely judged author.

Ref.

# COMMENT ON THE WEEK

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**Turning a New Leaf.** With the opening of a new volume, curiosity prompts us to look back and see the changes since we opened Volume Sixty-Eight. In that first week in October, 1942, U. S. Marines were holding a precarious beach-head in Guadalcanal under persistent Japanese attack; the Russians were putting up the magnificent defense of Stalingrad; Britain's Eighth Army stood between Rommel and the Suez Canal, and people at home wondered how long it could thus stand. Mr. Willkie, in Chungking, was stoutly asserting his indefeasible American right to "say what I damn please." Second Fronters everywhere were prodding the High Command; the High Command was quietly planning the African invasion. The smashing naval victory in the Solomons had not yet come; the Japanese had not yet lost face and Guadalcanal. Not even the insistent information of the columnists hinted at a review of the troops by the Commander-in-Chief, at Casablanca. Commuters rode the ferries in New York harbor, never dreaming that one morning they would stare at each other with a wild surmise as they chugged past a great, grey floating fortress called the *Richelieu*. And no one would have dared to hope that Field Marshal Rommel, disputing the last steps of a fifteen-hundred mile retreat before the Eighth Army, might look over his shoulder and see coming up behind him the Stars and Stripes and the Tricolor of France.

**WLB's Wage Policy.** A strong argument against the "Little Steel" formula for stabilizing wages was made by Philip Murray, President of the C.I.O., in his recent testimony before the Senate (Truman) Committee investigating the war effort. The "Little Steel" formula permits a fifteen per-cent increase in wages to cover the rise in living costs which occurred between January 1, 1941, and September 15, 1942. Mr. Murray argued that this *percentage* increase works a hardship on workers in the lower wage brackets and is the source of much dissatisfaction. A fifteen per-cent increase means an extra three dollars to a twenty-dollar-a-week store clerk, but to a skilled mechanic making fifty dollars a week it means another seven dollars and a half. And this disparity increases with overtime payments. To it Mr. Murray attributed much of the current worker unrest over wages. Instead of a percentage increase, he proposed a flat increase in dollars and cents to meet advances in living costs. If, for instance, the cost of living goes up four dollars a week, he would have the War Labor Board add a flat four dollars to the weekly paychecks of both the twenty-dollar-a-week clerk and the fifty-dollar-a-week mechanic. This is a sound idea and not to be easily dismissed. In days to come, WLB will hear more of it.

**Tax Muddle.** After four days of uproarious debate in the House, the question of changing the method of collecting taxes remained exactly where it was two months ago. The Carlson Bill, which incorporated the Ruml Plan of skipping a year's taxes to put taxpayers on a current basis, was defeated by a vote of 215 to 198. Seldom has such pressure been brought to bear on Congress as the advocates of this scheme successfully mustered; but the prejudice against "canceling" a year's taxes, especially at a time when incomes reached their highest levels and the Treasury badly needed money, proved insurmountable. In vain did Representative Carlson insist that the "cancelation" proposed in his bill was only apparent, not real, and that the Treasury would not lose any income by putting collections on a current basis. After defeating the Ruml Plan, the House sent back to committee the Ways and Means bill. This offered discounts to taxpayers who were willing and able to pay last year's taxes and part of this year's taxes at the same time. It featured also, as did the other bills, a twenty per-cent withholding tax. A third bill, embodying a compromise suggested by Representatives Forand and Robertson, was not even voted on. It proposed excusing that part of the liability for 1942 income covered by application of the normal and first surtax rates—six and thirteen per cent respectively. Since it now seems unlikely that the Congress will approve any radical change in methods of tax collection, the Ways and Means Committee ought to devote its efforts to raising the \$13,000,000,000 of additional taxes requested by the President in his January message. After all, in twenty-one years under the old system, only three per cent of the taxes due have been abated. What is needed most right now is not a completely new system of collections, but higher taxes. Such taxes, plus a withholding feature, are essential to the fight against inflation.

**Triumphant Journey.** Vice-President Wallace has enjoyed such enthusiastic hospitality on his Latin-American tour as comes to few men. In Central America, marked signs of genuine friendship attended his public appearances, but the climax came in Santiago, Chile, where over 100,000 jammed the great sports arena to hear his message. Undoubtedly a great deal of the feeling shown him derived from regard for the country whose Vice President he is. Two items, however, which slipped through the normally irresponsive press, uncover the more profound reasons for his hearty welcome. He spoke as a Christian on a Christian order in the world. And he took particular notice of the social question, which is troubling every country in the other Americas even more seriously than ours. Moreover, he spoke the Spanish language, the home



speech of his hosts, and this very sensible approach—quite an innovation for North Americans in those lands—quickly removed the natural barriers between man and man and gave him a ready entry into their ever generous spirit. Finally Mr. Wallace is what we here call *genuine*, a trait that is much appreciated by the other peoples of the American continent, and one that will make him *muy simpático* to them.

**Credit for Military Experience.** General approval should be given to the plan the American Council on Education proposes for granting "Sound Educational Credit for Military Experience." The demand made on schools after World War I to allow "blanket credit" to returning service men ended in an academic travesty. Colleges not only competed in giving liberal amounts of credit but awarded credit for mere military time-serving. To prevent a repetition of the travesty is the purpose of the American Council plan, which has the backing of all regional accrediting associations. It recognizes four sources of credit for military experience: basic, officer, and technical training; language and indoctrination programs; courses sponsored by the U. S. Armed Forces Institute; informal reading, art, music, discussion programs. A tentative evaluation of credit derived from these sources will be made available by the Army Institute for ex-service men and women returning to educational institutions. Testing procedures will be the basis of evaluation. But individual colleges are to interpret the evaluation in terms of their own curricula and standards. Thus the plan has the advantage of being at once definite and flexible, and it offers essential service, not dictation, to the schools. With its aid, colleges should be better able to meet the challenge of fitting returning service men and women into a sound educational program after the war.

**German Bombs.** When Hitler reappeared to deliver his speech on the day of the vernal equinox, he touched on a subject very poignant for his hearers. "We may be grateful to our adversaries," he said, "that they [by their bombings] are arousing implacable hatred for our enemies." The words give cause for wonder. Tunisian dispatches inform us that, on thousands of German prisoners, are found copies of *Unser Kriegs Liederbuch* ("Our War Songbook"). Some of the songs inculcate barbaric hatred to the tune of blitz bombing. One is the *Hassengesang gegen England* ("Hate Song Against England"). Another song for the campfire begins thus:

Do you hear the motors singing?  
Down on the enemy.  
With the bombs, bombs, bombs on England.

A third opens with the line: "We, the Stukas, are coming over Africa." Pity for the unfortunate victims cannot keep us from reflecting on the responsibility of the bombers who showered London and Coventry and Belfast with death, wiping out whole areas of homes in pattern bombing. Civilian bombing is as inhuman as it is wasteful and fruit-

less. As a policy it can come only from brains that seek to frighten and enslave whole populations. Transport terminals, war shipping and army equipment are legitimate objects for shells and bombs. Homes are not, *Hassengesang* to the contrary notwithstanding.

**Swindle on the Sea.** Before the appointment for a new six-year term of Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman of the United States Maritime Commission, was approved by the Senate, that distinguished body listened to some stout language from Senator Aiken, of Vermont. Mr. Aiken accused the Commission of failing to recapture excessive profits from ship-builders, of approving outrageous charter rates which permitted private shipping interests to make exorbitant profits, of paying grossly inflated prices for old ships, of general "waste, extravagance and incompetency." The revelation before a House Committee that privately owned merchant vessels, chartered by the British Government and paid for with lend-lease funds, had made sufficient profit from a single trip "to pay off, many times over, the total value of the vessel," gave pertinent force to the Senator's words. But Admiral Land's appointment was approved, nevertheless, on the plea that all Senator Aiken's charges ought to be directed against the system, not against its able administrator. The general public, which furnishes lend-lease funds, is prepared to concede Admiral Land's integrity and great ability. But it may be pardoned for wondering, in a dazed, exasperated sort of way, why the Senate cannot do anything about recapturing the loot from the profiteers and overhauling the system which permits them to flourish.

**Rachmaninoff and Melody.** Is there a lost science of musical melody? The Greeks and the ancient Irish studied the laws of music, yet their primary interest seems to have been melody, and rhythm as a part of melody. With modern music's stress on harmony, tone effects and orchestration, the laws of melody vanish still farther into the past. Yet the great master of orchestral magic, Richard Wagner, built his vast creations upon melodic themes. All the more tribute, therefore, to be paid to the supreme music master of our day, Sergei Rachmaninoff, who so bravely insisted upon melody's preeminence. Although he was a distinguished interpreter of the principal modern composers, Rachmaninoff, says his death notice in the *New York Times* of March 29, "had little patience for those who strove for effect without melody." "If we are to have great music," he said, "we must return to the fundamentals which made the music of the past great. Music cannot be just color and rhythm, it must reveal the emotions of the heart." Revival of the study of plain chant, as an integral part of a Catholic worship, is one path back to the forgotten appreciation of melody's mysterious laws. This, in turn, will be putting first things first in the line of musical composition. It will help music, in Rachmaninoff's own words, to "rehabilitate minds and souls."



**Mr. Joad and the German Bishops.** For the second time this month, the German Bishops protest against the growing immorality in the Reich. In a Lenten Pastoral letter the Bishops of Cologne and Paderborn denounce "forced marriages," and declare that "whoever places legitimate and illegitimate motherhood on the same level . . . does the worst possible service to female youth." They warn against taking adultery or divorce lightly; and they find that the increased divorce rates offer "certain clues to diseased spots within the body of our people." The German Bishops protest, justifiably; and the public, in this country and the other United Nations, are rightly horrified at the cynical, animalistic philosophy of life they describe. Flip-pant Prof. C. E. M. Joad proposes polygamy as a solution for Britain's postwar marital problems in a man-scarce world, and is seconded by the usual Shavian wisecrack. To express horror at what Joad suggests would be utterly stuffy. His idea is so amusing, and even comments on it are funny news. Joad proposes we imitate the cynical, animalistic Nazis. (It is all right, as long as non-Nazis do it.) The Bishops denounce these things because they are wicked and hateful conduct. What has Joad to say about the Bishops? What would they say of Joad? It is time the Joads were bracketed where they belong.

**Fighting Words.** A half-truth, said a wit, is like half a brick—it carries farther. Point is lent to this saying by a look at the daily paper. From every column the verbal half bricks come flying, till he who reads may well run. "Bureaucracy," "free enterprise," "rugged individualism," "starry-eyed idealism"—these cry out for definition and clarification. Just now, they are often smear-words, without any necessary connection with any coherent thought-process in the speaker's mind. Logical refutation calls for a set of principles; and principles may turn out to be a two-edged sword. It is much easier and much safer to damn your opponent with a quaint phrase.

**Hint for Busy Men.** When James A. Farrell, for twenty-one years president of the United States Steel Corporation, died, his incredible capacity for work was recalled, his ability to read and digest several hundred letters and cables a day and then cheerfully take home a bundle of business papers to "clean up" of an evening. Little noticed, however, in his life or death, was the item that among his innumerable activities Mr. Farrell found time, years ago, to study and perfect himself in the Portuguese language, to study Portuguese literature and public affairs through that medium, and establish interesting contacts as a result. This may be taken as another proof of the ancient and rather annoying adage that the busiest people are usually those who contrive to find the most time to do things. But it may also be used to encourage other busy people, and they need not be steel magnates, to do likewise, and take their daily fifteen minutes off, in order to get a closer and more first-hand view of our South American "neighbors."

## UNDERSCORINGS

AMONG the Lenten pastorals of the English Bishops, that of the late Cardinal Hinsley stood out for its appeal to redoubled prayers . . . "that the age-old devotion of the Russian people to the Mother of God . . . may earn for them her special protection in these days and restore them soon to union with her Divine Son."

► Chicago's Archbishop, Most Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, writes a stirring article in the current issue of *Extension*, devoted to the Five Points of the Papal Peace Plan. "Our culture," he says, "is a family-society. . . . The peace crusader, in his undertaking to defend human rights and human dignity and give them wider reaches, must encompass in his aims the social emancipation of the family."

► Under the patronage of the Most Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, Bishop of Kansas City, a group of clergy and laity, according to N.C.W.C. News Service, has formed the Latin-American Institute, to promote better understanding with Latin America on the basis of traditional Christian culture. The organization will be a center of information on religious, cultural, industrial and rural affairs in the other American Republics.

► In San Francisco the Archbishop, Most Rev. John J. Mitty, has made arrangements to conduct the traditional *Tre Ore* on Good Friday in the Civic Auditorium.

► In connection with the recent call of Brig. Gen. William R. Arnold, Chief of Chaplains of the Army, for 959 additional Chaplains, it was explained that the present number of Catholic Chaplains is slightly ahead of their twenty-five per cent quota. The 959 represent just 23.6 per cent of the newly requested total of 4,056 Chaplains of all faiths represented in the fighting forces.

► An opportunity for daily Mass, for the service men now studying specialized courses in our universities, has been developed at Xavier University in Cincinnati. The Chaplain of the local Air Cadet Corps says Mass for them at half-past five in the evening, rather than in the morning when their schedule does not permit sufficient free time for Mass attendance.

► Rt. Rev. Msgr. George Johnson, Director of the N.C.W.C. Department of Education, has announced that Catholic colleges and universities in the United States are now offering 151 graduate and undergraduate scholarships for the next academic year to students of Latin American countries. This generosity, he writes, "will lead to a closer collaboration and understanding between the Americas and help to make religion a more potent force in Inter-American relations."

► In Mexico City, the distinguished Señora Adela Formosa de Obregon Santacilia has founded the first Mexican University for Women. She is likewise its first director. The University will care for the more than 1,000 women students who could not be accommodated in the parent University of Mexico. They will take work leading toward academic and professional degrees entirely in keeping with the interests of women in Mexico.

## THE NATION AT WAR

A MAJOR Allied offensive has been waged in Tunisia. The south part of the Axis army, estimated by the British as about 80,000 men, occupied the Mareth Line, extending south for some forty miles from a no-account village of that name. In 1940, the Axis had dismantled the line, and they had just completed a hasty job of reconditioning it. The plan of attack was for the British 8th Army to assault the Mareth Line, while at the same time sending a column around its south end to get in rear of it, and attack a second line, extending from Gabès on the sea west to El Hamma. To prevent a possible Axis withdrawal to north Tunisia, an American force was to cut in, north of and in rear of, this second Axis line.

Since they had a considerable distance to go, the Americans started first. Meeting no opposition they were at Gafsa on March 17. Against light resistance they captured Sened on the 20th, and on the 21st arrived at Maknassy and at El Guettar, respectively east and southeast from Gafsa. Here they found the enemy strongly posted on hills beyond.

It was now the turn of the 8th Army. They started their attack on the Mareth Line on the night of the 20th-21st, with a violent artillery fire. In the morning an attack was made on a 6-mile width near the north end. The Mareth Line had in its front a wadi, which is a creek often dry, but at this season waterlogged and full of quicksands. Some British got over it but, after severe fighting, were thrown out by the 23rd. In the meantime, a column had been sent around to the south, and had reached a position in rear of the Mareth Line, but had now been stopped.

At this moment things were not too bright for the British. The commander, General Montgomery, ordered a large force to go around and join the stalled column. It was a 200-mile march over a frightful desert. The reinforcements did not arrive until March 26. They immediately attacked El Hamma. As there was strong resistance, they did not succeed in capturing it until next day.

With his second line pierced, the German commander decided to abandon South Tunisia. He moved out at once. On the 28th, the British were able to occupy the Mareth Line, and on the 29th they were at Gabès. The American force thereupon attacked the hills before them so as to accomplish their part of the plan by cutting in in rear of the Axis troops. They encountered stiff resistance, and the results are not yet known. This fighting has been severe, with high casualties for both sides. It is probable that the Axis will from now on concentrate on defending the large area around Bizerte and Tunis. There may be some delay before the Allies will be ready for another attack.

The bombing of German and Italian cities is continuing on a constantly increasing scale, and causing great destruction. There is also much bombing of railroad facilities on the Continent, with a view to disabling the railroads as much as possible before the Allied invasions commence.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

## WASHINGTON FRONT

IT is a pleasure to report that in the past few weeks the present Congress seems to have got itself on a more even keel. The extravagances of the early days of January are being quietly burned away, and Congressional leaders are beginning to see just where they can intervene in the war effort with justice and success, and where they had best abstain. Various investigations have revealed the fact that some "bureaucrats" are not so crackpot as was assumed, and have also reminded the investigators that the legislative function is no more the executive function than the executive is the legislative.

Malicious minds may suggest that the change in Congressional attitude may be due to the famous party the President threw for the "freshmen" legislators. Maybe it was, for that is what it was intended to do. (Now that the "sophomores" are to have their party, too, at least nobody has yet suggested that this is a new kind of "party" government.) The fact is that, with one or two exceptions, closer acquaintance has taught the "rookies," and even their elders, that things are not so bad as they seemed five hundred miles away from the seat of action. It is beginning to be realized that the war agencies are filled with hundreds of intelligent, self-sacrificing and high-minded civil servants.

Congressman Costello's sub-committee investigating draft deferments in the executive branch has given a good example to other investigations. It has daily resisted severe newspaper pressure to supply the press with sensations, and many innocent reputations have thus been protected. The publicity attending the only two outstanding casualties of the investigation to date, David Ginsberg and Robert Nathan, has been due to other causes. Incidentally, this same newspaper pressure goes far to explain other instances of what the newspapers themselves hypocritically call "headline hunting."

If this trend continues and facts continue to prevail over rumors, we shall not hear so much about crazy bureaucrats (there are some) and the dangers of absenteeism in industry (which turns out to be not nearly so bad as Eddie Rickenbacker sees it in his nightmares).

Since last week's column was written, John L. Lewis appeared before the Truman committee. The Supreme Court had come to his rescue with a decision and thus supplied him with a way to avoid a showdown with the WLB in which he might have lost, and still get his raise for the miners. If the mines must start wages from the time the miner arrives at the pit, and not when he starts digging, then a raise could be granted without sacrificing a principle. Mr. Lewis was also right in saying that retail food prices have gone up one hundred per cent since Pearl Harbor (they have in Washington, as any Senator's wife could testify), in spite of the much smaller official figures, which are one of the war's minor mysteries.

WILFRID PARSONS



# FREEDOM OF TRADE WILL BE A FACTOR IN WORLD PEACE

THOMAS F. DIVINE

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IT may be said, without danger of placing undue emphasis on the economic causes of war, that the peace will be won or lost on the issue of freedom of world trade. This was true of the peace that followed World War I. And it will be even more true of the peace to come.

By this we do not mean that wars are brought about directly and immediately by restrictions placed upon trade between nations, or that the removal of such barriers will necessarily guarantee a permanent peace. The causes which lead directly to armed conflict are more likely to be non-economic than economic in character—racial hatreds and ambitions, greed and a desire for power and a “place in the sun” on the part of ambitious rulers and nations. But the existence of trade restrictions will create or intensify economic and social ills which facilitate the rise of an ambitious and unscrupulous leader to national power. And in this same arsenal of trade restrictions, he will find the most potent instruments of economic (which is the first step towards political and military) conquest of weaker nations.

That is a rough thumb-nail sketch of how the present war was brought about and of the extent to which the failure to provide for some control over national trading policies may be considered responsible for the failure of the peace that followed World War I. The problem assumes an added significance now in view of the rise, during the interval between the first and second World Wars, of the totalitarian state.

Taking political structures as we now find them, we may conceive of two alternative sets of economic and political conditions as the basis for anything like a lasting peace. But the conditions and nature of the peace would be totally different in the two cases. The first would be a peace of compulsion, of economic, political and military domination of the weak by the strong; a peace in which there would be no place whatever for freedom of trade between nations. It is the “peace” that would reign under world domination by an all-powerful state under conditions of totalitarianism of either the Collectivist or Fascist type.

Let us take first the case of Collectivism. Between Socialist states (and this applies, too, to trade relations between a Socialist and a non-Socialist state) there can be no such thing as freedom of exchange in trade relations. Since production and sale are carried on by governments and not by

individuals, each state is a monopolistic seller of its own wares and a monopsonistic buyer of the wares of other states. Terms and quantities of trade would be determined not by competitive prices and comparative costs but by bargaining strength between individual states. In such circumstances trade relations, far from promoting peaceful and economic co-operation, would result in economic warfare and economic conquest. Weaker states would be exploited by and made economically subservient to the stronger. And between the more powerful states would rage a constant struggle for power, each striving to strengthen its bargaining position with respect to the other. Peace, under such conditions, could be attained only by the establishment of a world Socialist state which would impose upon the individual states the same external compulsion as they are accustomed to apply to their own internal economics.

In the case of totalitarianism of the Fascist or Nazi type (wherein the control exercised over international trade is just as extensive and as vigorous as under Socialism) regional peace would depend upon the economic, military and political domination of that area by a single all-powerful nation. This is the type of arrangement which Hitler proposes in his “New Order” for Europe, an “order” in which, by the use of his old arts of exchange control, frozen credits, bilateral barter agreements, as well as more direct means when necessary, all European countries would be made economically and politically subservient to the German nation. In this he is perfectly logical, granted his assumptions. And on the basis of the same assumptions he is just as logical in aspiring to world domination as a means of assuring world “peace.” For while the presence of a top-dog exploiting the weaker nations in any particular region is sufficient to insure an enforced “peace” in that particular region, conflicts between exploiters in different regions must result in economic and military warfare until one is able to emerge from a position of regional to that of world hegemony.

Such a “peace” the present war is being fought to avoid. The alternative is a peace not of compulsion but of the greatest possible freedom, a freedom guaranteed by the protection of the smaller and weaker states against aggression by the larger and more powerful. But for such a peace to have any chance of permanence it must be based upon some form of international control—control ema-

nating not from an all-powerful state of either the Collectivist or National-Socialist type, but from some form of supra-national authority whose function would be, as Henry C. Simons has aptly put it, in *Trade and the Peace*, "not so much that of governing the world as that of preventing great nations from governing it."

Such an authority must provide not only for military disarmament but for economic disarmament as well. It can do so by the outlawing of such forms of economic warfare as arbitrary foreign-exchange controls, prohibitive tariffs, deadly quotas, and aggressive bargaining in trade relations by discriminating monopolies of either a public or private character, by removing the barriers to trade which have made easy the rise of tyrants to national power and have put into their hands the instruments of national conquest.

It is to the establishment of such a peace that we are committed by the Atlantic Charter and other authoritative pronouncements of public officials. But shall we be willing to take the steps necessary for its establishment? Shall we be willing to take even the first and most necessary step—a step rendered imperative by the fact that we have been and will continue to be, to an even greater extent after the present war, a creditor nation—viz., the abandonment of our traditional high-tariff policy and the acceptance of imports in payment for our exports and foreign loans?

If this objective is achieved, it will be in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles. We shall have the pressure and political power of vested interests to contend with. Neither capital nor labor engaged in protected industries will accept without a struggle the withdrawal of protection, no matter how gradual its achievement. Added to that is the fact that each war is accustomed to give rise to new industries which are likely to clamor for protection as a matter of national interest when the war is over. Witness the chemical industry in the last war, and the synthetic and substitute industries today. We can also expect, after the close of the present war, a resurgence of isolationist sentiment. And political isolationism means economic nationalism, the most prolific of all breeders of protection by tariffs and other barriers to trade. Since tariffs are accustomed to multiply in the soil of depression, when nations seek to increase domestic employment by restricting the importation of foreign goods, we must do all in our power to remove the causes of cyclical unemployment if we are to remove the obstacle to tariff reduction from that source. And since the most cogent of all really valid arguments in favor of protection is the need of giving protection to industries essential for the war effort, it follows that unless the threat of war is removed by some form of collective security, there can be no hope of achieving anything like a general reduction of tariff barriers.

But the most difficult of all obstacles to overcome will probably be the weight of public opinion. In no field of economics is one likely to encounter so many popular fallacies, even among intelligent and educated men, as in that of international trade.

And the most common of all these would seem to be the belief that the cost of America's lowering her tariff barriers in the interest of world peace would be a reduction of her standard of living, resulting from competition with countries having a wage-scale lower than her own.

Stated in another way, this argument would run: no American industry can compete with an industry in another country in which wages are lower. Actually, nothing could be farther from the truth. If this argument were true, then America would have no exports whatever. On the contrary, our industries which compete most successfully with those of other countries, i.e., our export industries, are those in which wages are highest. And the countries which offer us the severest competition in international trade are not the low-wage countries like India, China and Japan, but the relatively high-wage countries like England, Germany and France.

The reason for this is, of course, the fact that it is not the wage-rate that is of importance in determining comparative labor costs as between two countries, but the labor cost per unit of output. And this in turn is determined by the productivity of labor as conditioned by such factors as superior skill, the employment of a greater quantity of capital per unit of labor, and other special advantages, such as climate, proximity to resources, etc. Hence, far from its being true that tariffs are the cause of high wages, high wages are responsible for the existence of tariffs. For it is only the industries that cannot afford to pay high wages in the face of foreign competition that clamor for protection. And to grant them protection is to divert labor and other resources from more efficient to less efficient uses and, by raising the prices of the protected articles, to lower the *real* wages of labor in the community as a whole. If we cannot produce tea, silk, lace, shoes, chemicals, toys and cheap geegaws without benefit of protection, that is only because the alternative uses to which American labor can be put are more productive and more efficient than its utilization for these purposes. And to say that America could not compete with these foreign industries without lowering its standard of living, would be just as absurd as to maintain that the North could not buy cotton from the South without lowering its standard of living because wages are lower in the South than they are in the North.

Based as it is on the benefits of comparative advantages and of regional specialization in production and exchange, freedom of trade, far from imposing any costs upon the nations which practise it, actually increases their real income and hence the prosperity of the world as a whole. That it contributes to the peace of the world hardly needs demonstration. Tariffs are essentially a matter of concern not only to the nation which erects them, but also to the nation against whose industries they are erected. And if we want a concrete proof of that fact we need but look to such instances as the ill will created between France and America, as illustrated by the mob demonstrations



in the streets of Lille following the upping of rates against French lace by the Hawley-Smoot Tariff.

Yet the bearing of such considerations as these upon the maintenance of international peace is of relatively minor importance in comparison with the part played by freedom of trade in the famous "have and have-not nation" controversy which preceded the present war. On what grounds were the claims of Germany and the other Axis powers justified (however hypocritical their presentation) that, being deprived of colonies and overseas possessions, their standard of living was impaired by want of access to foreign markets, to sources of raw materials and to outlets for their excessive population? Certainly not on the basis of freedom of trade and of migration between nations. For if a nation can trade just as freely with other nations, or the possessions of other nations, as with her own colonies, then there is no economic advantage whatever in overseas possessions. But if, on the other hand, nations and Empire units erect barriers against the trade and population move-

ments of other nations, then the "have-nots" have a just complaint that the lack of more extensive markets hampers the full development of their export industries; that restrictions upon migration further lowers their standard of living; and that, even though the "have" nations place no restrictions upon the export of raw materials, they are still prevented by lack of foreign exchange from purchasing the raw materials they need.

Assuming the existence of freedom of trade and of migration between nations, the argument over colonial possessions, on economic grounds, becomes meaningless. But on the assumption of barriers to trade and population movements between nations, then the greater the area of national sovereignty the higher will be the level of economic welfare. And this is but an invitation to conquest, i.e. WAR.

On any other basis than that of freedom of trade between nations, the controversy between the "haves" and the "have-nots," a controversy that played no little part in setting the stage for the present conflict, is insoluble.

# FASCISM AND ECONOMICS

DON LUIGI STURZO

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NOT infrequently the affirmation is made that "Hitler and Mussolini are the consequences of the economic circumstances of their respective countries." This, in my opinion, is quite incorrect and misleading. Apart from the fact that historical events are always so complex that it is impossible to isolate one cause from others, I can say, from my personal experience, that economic factors did not play a very large part in the case of Fascism in Italy.

The economic situation there, from November, 1918 (the time of the Armistice), to October, 1922 (the March on Rome), was quite the same as that of France and even of England—difficulties in establishing equilibrium between the cost of living and the value of the currency, unrest over salaries, and so on. As a matter of fact, there were in that period more strikes in England than in Italy. Only one question was particularly Italian, and this had no connection with the Peace Conference and the economic provisions of the peace treaties. It was a very old question, one that we can find in the Roman ages even before the Gracchi. It revives from time, under certain circumstances. I am sure that it will rise again after the present war. This agrarian question became acute between 1918 and 1922, not because of the immediate economic needs of the population, but because of the psychological disappointment of the peasants. The Liberal Gov-

ernment during the war had promised distribution of the *latifundia* (big lands not well cultivated) and the revision of other agrarian laws. After the war the promise was not fulfilled. The bill introduced into the Chamber of Deputies by the Popular Group (Christian Democrats) was postponed until July, 1922. The favorable vote on the measure then was too late.

The unrest of the peasants and rural workers was occasion for the spread of small Fascist groups in Lombardy, Eritrea and Romagna (the valley of the Po)—not the richest and happiest regions in Italy. Land-owners were furious against the *Popolari*, Socialists and certain Democrats of the Chamber, and against the unions (which an American could understand very well); and they gave money and protection to the Fascists, who began to use violence against the unions, cooperatives and municipalities held by their opponents.

At that time the Italian people were disappointed over the decisions made by the peace conference on national territorial problems. The Fascists raised a very arrogant and dangerous propaganda campaign for Fiume, Dalmatia, Albania, colonial mandates, the Mediterranean as *Mare Nostrum* and so on. Thus the youth was excited by an imaginative sentimentalism; and too many Army chiefs, who were in opposition to the Government over withdrawal from Fiume, the treaty of Ra-

pallo with Yugoslavia and the reduction of armaments, were pleased. They blamed the pacifism of the masses and the weakness of the ruling class for these agreements. And a flood of arms leaked from the military stores into the hands of the Fascists.

Notwithstanding, the Fascists got no seats in the Chamber in the general elections of 1919 (out of 508 seats the Socialists had 157 and the *Popolari* 99); and, in the general elections of 1921, while the Socialists secured 121 seats and the *Popolari* 107, the Fascists got only 35.

What is necessary to keep in mind in order to understand the Fascist phenomenon, is that the Liberals and Democrats (with the exception of a small group) were, after all, afraid that the *Popolari* and the Socialists would soon come to control the Chamber and the Government, and were quite in favor of the Fascist purpose of checking these mass movements. Though they could not avoid the participation of the *Popolari* in their Cabinets, they worked to reduce the growth of that new Christian Democratic party, giving help to the Fascist party.

From this analysis, it is clear that Fascism was the consequence of a threefold reaction: the conservative economics of the landowners, the militarism of the Army, and the politics of the Liberal parties. As a result, Mussolini was able to overcome his reactionary helpers, to get power from the King, and begin the Fascist revolution. In four years of struggle (1922-1926) he got control of Italian economy (establishing his pseudo-corporatism and autarchism); of the Army and the Black Militia; and of a political one-party system. The revolution was then complete, and the totalitarian State began.

Americans can imagine what would happen in this country if the Ku-Klux Klan, with the help of some capitalist and political groups, marched on Washington, occupying the White House by force and terrorizing all the people. There would be no difficulty, after their success, in finding some social scientists to claim that the economic circumstances of the time (like the economic crisis of 1929, the following New Deals and so on), were the causes of the K.K.K. dictatorship and totalitarianism.

We are so accustomed to the idea that economic factors are a determining force (even those of us opposed to the Marxist theory of "historic materialism") that we forget too easily that psychological factors are more important and decisive. This is true regarding Italian Fascism as well as German Nazism. Above all, we must consider human personality, since man, with his mind and free will, is the cause of historic events. The rest is nothing but social and physical conditioning, which may be useful for good or for evil.

Understood in that sense, both the following propositions are true: "Hitler and Mussolini are the consequences of the economic (and other) circumstances of their respective countries" and "Vincent de Paul was the consequence of the economic (and other) circumstances of France in the seventeenth century."

## WHAT'S IN A POPE'S NAME?

THOMAS J. McMAHON



"WE have a Pope, Eugene Cardinal Pacelli, who has taken the name Pius!" Catholics the world over take for granted now an announcement like that made by Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni from the balcony of St. Peter's. It seems quite logical, as well as symbolic, that he who now becomes "the servant of the servants of God" should, by changing his name and losing his earthly identity, be more truly the Vicar of Christ. Yet it was not always so. True enough, Our Lord Himself changed the first Pope's name: "And to Simon he gave the name Peter" (Mk. iii, 16), but for centuries thereafter the Bishops of Rome kept their baptismal names. Perhaps John II (535) was the first to change his name. He had been called Mercury and, say some, changed it because of its pagan and mythological meaning. Others followed suit to such an extent that since the eleventh century only two Popes have not taken a new name. As to these two, the Romans always had the superstition that the hand of God struck them for their folly. Pope Hadrian VI (1522), last non-Italian Pope, interrupted the custom of five centuries and, for his rashness, quoth the Romans, reigned only twenty months. Marcellus II (1555), uncle of Saint Robert Bellarmine, so venerated his patron Saint that he again braved the superstition, only to die in twenty-two days.

Some Popes have taken the names of the Saints on whose feasts they were elected. Others have honored the founders or holy men of the religious Orders to which they belonged. Sometimes there were those who had to be content with the choice of the Cardinals electing them. When the future Saint Pius V wanted to keep his Dominican religious name of Michael, no less a personage than Saint Charles Borromeo persuaded him to adopt Pius, in honor of Borromeo's late Papal uncle, Pius IV.

Pius II (1458) saw good and bad in this change of names. Once the sprightly humanist, Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, he preferred to have the Christian world forget his past, saying: "Reject Aeneas, receive Pius!" Still, as Pope in the days of nepotism, with everybody seeking favors, he could lament: "When I was Aeneas, nobody knew me, but now that I am Pius, everybody calls me 'uncle'!"

When Pius XI, of blessed memory, was asked what name he would assume, he gave it, with good reasons: "I was born under Pius. I came to Rome under Pius. Pius shall be my name." Our present Holy Father could have been expected to give analogous reasons, but he also added a symbolic one: "Pius is the name of peace." Both Popes might have further suggested that they were taking a



name most popular in modern times, for there have been six so called in less than one hundred and fifty years. Only one other name seems to have been chosen with greater frequency in a given period, that of John, which was taken by six Popes in the tenth century. Incidentally, there have been twenty-two Johns—if we except the ill-fated Baldassare Cossa—while the Gregorys, Benedicts, Innocents and Leos trail them in descending order.

This leaves Pius in the sixth place for popularity but, of all these, it has the most ancient roots. Pius I came in the second century. John I did not come until the sixth, as did the first Benedict and Gregory. Leo I and Innocent I were only a century ahead of them.

There is something equally interesting about the first Pius, in the speculation that he may have been the first after Saint Peter to change his name. The surname "Pius" did not exist in the Roman Empire until it was assumed by Emperor Antoninus Pius, in 138. It does seem strange that Pius I, who began his pontificate around the year 140, should be so named, unless he wished to do honor to this good Emperor, in whose reign there had come a lull in the persecution of Christians. This would make Pius "the name of peace."

The only other possible reason for his having the name of the Emperor is that he had been a former slave in the imperial household. We do know that his brother, Hermas, was a slave. In fact, if names do not lie, most of the Popes of the first three centuries were freedmen, ex-slaves. Look, for example, at the name of Pope Callistus (217). It is only a Greek nickname "beautiful," imposed on the youth by a capricious master.

The study of these early Popes through their names tells volumes. Scanning them, we come to know that most of them are surnames, even the noblest name on the list, our own Pius. Only two are first names, Lucius and Cajus, and one, Cornelius, indicates some kind of attachment to that noble Roman family, the "*gens Cornelia*." Names like Evaristus, Telesphorus, Hyginus, Anicetus make us reminiscent of the Washingtons, Jacksons and Lees who followed upon the Emancipation Proclamation.

All this would make the career of the average Roman Bishop of those days excellent material for Horatio Alger's best success stories. The freedman, though marked with a social stain, without hope of advancement to the senatorial ranks, was the skilled artisan and the successful merchant. Horace has some cutting words about this libertine class, and the satirist Petronius gives to the ex-slave the blustering part of the *nouveau riche*; only rarely do we find him in the ranks of the poor *plebs*, the impoverished citizenry, the "sharecropper," never enslaved, whom the government contented with a dole of bread and circuses. When a slave, accustomed to hard work, long hours, inconsiderate treatment, was freed, he knew the value of freedom. Having won it, either through the kindness of a master or by buying it with the "tips" he had carefully hoarded over the years, he became a respectable, though calculating, citizen.

Those future Roman Bishops, whose names indicate former slavery, became more than respectable citizens. They may have been excellent slaves, and then obtained freedom in young manhood. Their industry as freedmen, whether as teachers, merchants or artisans, gave them wealth and security. Converted to Christianity with their families, we can imagine them occupying honorable and munificent positions in the local church at Rome. Later they were numbered among the clergy and, at last, venerable above all, they were elected Popes. Unless we so plot out the career of many of our early Popes—even, perhaps, of the first Pius—their names cannot be explained.

Would that their names could tell us as much about their nationality. Slaves poured into the Roman Empire from barbarian territories, and men, black and white alike, were enslaved within the imperial confines. All the names of these early Popes are Latin or Greek but we cannot say that they were either one or the other, for the slave got his name from his Roman master. Our first Popes could have been of any race or nationality, though none of them was a newcomer to Rome, much less was he brought there to be its Bishop. Saint Victor (188-199) was the first African Pope. The early Papal lists put down "Roman" after many (but Pius I was "by nationality an Italian, from the city of Aquileia"). After all, the clergy and the people of Rome chose the Pope in those days, and it was the ordinary thing for them to take one of their number. When, hundreds of years later, an angry mob stood outside the conclave of 1378, demanding: "We want a Roman, or at least an Italian"! there was something very traditional in the first part of the demand. Pope Pius XII answers to it perfectly.

In point of fact, our own Pius, noble, peace-loving, yet suffering the horrors of war in the Christendom he shepherds, could not have chosen a better name. Pius II died on the sands of Ancona, waiting to lead his fleet against the Turks, while Pius V waited in the loneliness of the Vatican to hear the news of Lepanto. Pius VI, victim of the French Revolution, was pulled on an ice-sled over the Alps, to die at Valence, while Pius VII, prisoner of Napoleon, at Savona and Fontainebleau, lived to hear himself praised by Madame Létitia, the mother of the Little Corporal: "The only friend we have is the Pope!" Pius IX, in whose house, said Pellegrino Rossi, "everybody is liberal, even the family cat," died as the prisoner of the Vatican; but Pius X, noble peasant, could still rebuke the powerful Austrian Emperor who demanded that he bless the flags of the Central Powers in 1914: "I do not bless arms, I bless peace!" The echos of the eve of Munich are still in our ears, and we have the memory of that other Pius: "I shall gladly give my life for the peace of the world."

Can it be that God in His Providence has given us another Pius, our *Pastor Angelicus*, to stand before us in the vesture of peace, to remind us, from that fateful day in September, 1939, amid this awful slaughter, that his is "the name of peace"?

# PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS AND SALARY LIMITATION

BENJAMIN L MASSE

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ONE of the great campaigns of this war is being waged on the home front. It is a campaign against what economists call a runaway inflation, or what a famous public figure, closer to the man on the street, once called a "baloney dollar." It is a difficult and confusing campaign, with the enemy always attacking, with battles in progress on several different fronts at the same time, with allegiances not clearly defined or well established.

As I write, it is not at all certain that this campaign will be won. The daily news from Washington is full of the activities of pressure groups which want higher rents, higher wages, higher profits and higher prices for agricultural products. Yet the Commander-in-Chief himself has said: "If the vicious spiral of inflation ever gets under way, the whole economic system will stagger." He was referring, needless to say, to the economic system on which our fighting men all over the world depend for food, guns, planes, ships and the other paraphernalia of war. The matter is that serious.

I propose here to review one of the bitterest battles of that campaign, the importance of which is disputed, the outcome of which may still be said to be in some doubt. The reference is to the President's attempt to limit salaries during wartime to \$67,200 or \$25,000 net, an attempt which the Congress has recently seen fit to repudiate. In this paper we shall concern ourselves with the chronological progress of the struggle, leaving the arguments and their evaluation for future treatment.

Late last summer, the campaign against inflation began to lose steam and bog down. In April, 1942, after a period of voluntary controls and some half-hearted price-control legislation, the Administration had announced a new seven-pronged drive on the rising cost of living—stiffer taxes, ceilings on commodities and rents, stabilization of wages, restrictions on farm prices, increased savings through war-bond purchases, rationing of scarce commodities and checks on credit buying.

At the time this program was projected, veterans of this type of war—even some who differed with the Commander-in-Chief on other matters—called it a smashing, soundly conceived campaign. But as so often happens in war, the strategy was partly nullified by poor performances and the objective but partially achieved. Wages were fairly well stabilized according to plan; there was considerable increase in saving; instalment buying was notably decreased. But the other goals were only

partly attained, or never even seriously threatened. The cost of living continued to creep upward—more slowly than before, but always upward. By the end of August, it was evident that the situation was getting out of hand and called for bold action.

On Labor Day, after a serious, challenging talk to the nation, the President bluntly announced in a special message that unless the Congress would specifically authorize him, by October 1, "to stabilize the cost of living, including the price of all farm commodities," he would accept responsibility and do the job himself.

On Capitol Hill there was, naturally, bitter resentment at this tough military talk, shared in generally by Senators and Representatives of all parties, but especially by the so-called "farm bloc," i.e. those servants of the people who frequently see eye to eye with the big commercial farm organizations. Nevertheless, Congress buckled down to the job, "with a shotgun at its head," as one of the Senators said, and on October 2, one day after the deadline, the President had his legislation.

The new anti-inflation law gave him the power "to issue a general order stabilizing prices, wages and salaries . . . on the basis of the levels which existed on September 15, 1942." He could also "provide for making adjustments with respect to prices, wages and salaries to the extent that he finds necessary to aid in the effective prosecution of the war or to correct gross inequities." He was, furthermore, empowered to fix farm prices at approximately parity levels (not the 110 per cent the farm bloc wanted), but this section of the legislation contained a face-saving "directive" asking him to give "adequate weighing" to increased wages paid to farm labor.

With fresh powder in his guns, the President ordered an immediate offensive against the rising price level. The very next day, October 3, he issued a sweeping executive order (No. 9250) directing the War Labor Board to limit wages and salaries, the Office of Price Administration to curb prices and rents not yet restricted, the Agricultural Department and OPA to cooperate in keeping farm prices within bounds. The order also set up an Office of Economic Stabilization with broad power to direct the battle against inflation. To head it, the President drafted former Senator James F. Byrnes from his bench on the Supreme Court. The campaign started to roll.

But one of the guns, unfortunately, misfired be-



fore the attack had much of a chance to gather momentum. In the section of the Executive order dealing with salaries, Mr. Roosevelt had empowered the Stabilization Director to limit salaries to \$25,000 after taxes, but with "due allowance" for life-insurance premiums and "fixed obligations." Accordingly, on October 27, Mr. Byrnes issued a regulation designed to achieve this directive. After payment of Federal income taxes, customary charitable contributions, life-insurance premiums and fixed obligations, no individual was to retain more than \$25,000. The regulation, effective January 1, 1943, applied to all salaries, bonuses, gifts, loans, compensation, fees and similar forms of remuneration, but not to income from investment. To touch interest and dividends, Mr. Byrnes explained, specific legislation was needed.

Public reaction to this unprecedented regulation of earning power was well summed up by Mr. Byrnes three weeks later when he told an audience in New York City: "The salary limitation in 1942 would affect only 3,000 persons. From the fury of the protests one would think it affected 3,000,000 persons." Conservative newspapers ran the gamut of editorial invective. Influential columnists like Arthur Krock, Mark Sullivan and Westbrook Pegler whipped up an angry opposition. Business leaders wrote scorching letters to Congress and howled bloody murder. And once the November elections were safely out of the way, widespread opposition became manifest in Congress. From the fury of the attack, an observer might have concluded that this particular shot against inflation had missed the target completely and smashed one of the pillars of the Republic instead.

It was a foregone conclusion, once the results of the election were clear, that when the new Congress assembled in January, it would proceed to vindicate its violated dignity by putting an end to what some of its members took to calling "government by directive." If this involved nullifying an executive order—a rare occurrence in our history—so be it, and the executive order limiting salaries seemed as good a place to start as any.

An opportunity presented itself almost immediately when the President asked the House to raise the debt limit to \$210,000,000,000, a necessary and non-controversial measure. Representative Disney, of Oklahoma, offered a bill to effect this, but attached a "rider" repealing the \$25,000 ceiling on salaries and substituting for it a regulation by which salaries would be frozen as of December 7, 1941, or at \$25,000 net, whichever is higher. By this maneuver, the President, in order to veto the clause nullifying his executive order, would have to veto the whole bill. But this he could scarcely do, since the national debt was fast approaching the legal limit and the Treasury needed new funds to pay the costs of war. Passage of the bill would put the President, as the sports writers say, squarely behind the eight ball.

On February 17, Mr. Roosevelt wrote to Chairman Doughton of the House Ways and Means Committee urging "the Congress to levy a special war super-tax on net income from whatever source

derived . . . which, after payment of regular income taxes, exceeds \$25,000 in the case of a single person and \$50,000 in the case of a married couple." He trusted that without such legislation Congress would not repeal his ceiling on salaries.

By this time, however, Congress, with the bit firmly in its teeth, was completely oblivious to the guiding hand of the President. The Ways and Means Committee reported out the Disney bill by a fifteen-to-ten vote and, on March 12, the House passed it, on a teller count, by a vote of 268 to 129. In the course of the vigorous debate which preceded the vote, Representative Gearhart said:

To me this is the most solemn day in my nine years of service in this body. For the first time Congress has the opportunity to vindicate its constitutional prerogatives. It is a clear case of usurpation of legislative authority which we have a clear duty to repudiate.

But Representative O'Konski, a Wisconsin Republican, struck a different note:

There has been a lot of talk about mandates from the people. I represent one one-hundred and fiftieth of that mandate (of the last election). The first mandate I got was that there should be no war millionaires, and the second one was that there shall be no favoritism.

There was not a ruffle, he continued, when the President wanted to put a limit on prices and wages, "but, glory hallelujah, when the President wants to use that same power to put a limit on high salaries, they come in here with Blackstone and great legal tomes."

In the Senate, the Finance Committee changed the salary provision of the Disney bill. Instead of freezing salaries as of December 7, 1941, the Senate rewrote the controverted section of the original anti-inflation bill of October 2 and put a floor under salaries equal to their highest level between January 1 and September 15, 1942. The President was explicitly forbidden to reduce "wages or salaries for any particular work below the highest wages or salaries paid therefor" between these dates. This amended bill passed the Senate by an overwhelming majority of seventy-four to three on March 23, and was immediately accepted by a joint Senate-House Conference Committee. Said Senator George, chairman of the Finance Committee:

Equality of earnings has no basis except in a Communist State. . . . There are several million Americans who would like to feel that it is within their power, if they have the initiative, industry and intelligence, to earn more than \$25,000 a year.

Senator Barkley, of Kentucky, in the course of a very able speech in which he reviewed the history of this legislation, said:

It is subject to an honest difference of opinion as to whether under that authority [i.e. expressed in Section 4 of the Bill] the President had a right to take into consideration 1,500, 2,000 or 3,000 men who were drawing more than the amount which he fixed as the limit, thereby creating a gross inequity as compared with all other wage earners, or all other salary drawers in the United States. . . . It is not going to be so very easy, I should say, to convince eight or ten million American soldiers who are required to serve their country for \$600 a year, that the President has done any very great injustice in limiting salaries to \$25,000 a year.

(To be continued)

# MAKING THE WORST OF IT: THE RATIONALE OF RATIONING

DONALD G. GWYNN

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A VERITABLE little gem of a book, recently published, *The Screwtape Letters*, by C. S. Lewis, hit upon the ingenious idea of having an uncle devil in Hell write a series of instruction-letters to his nephew on earth, a younger devil engaged in working on his first "patient." The clever technique is so pregnant with possibilities that perhaps we can have a little fun (with some semi-serious undertones) if we apply it to some of the questions of the day. Suppose we see what an experienced devil might advise a younger tyro-tempter on the matter of food.

My dear Flibbitytoad:

I am in receipt of your latest report, which has just come in over the helltype and I must say that it is gratifying to see that your high marks for infernal I.Q., registered in our personnel files, justify themselves, at least in the matter of your promptness. However, you are wasting a leaden opportunity, and it is only my hellish love for you that makes me send you this avuncular warning, before our Infernal Father gets the report on you from our spotters and towers up into a devilish rage.

What is my complaint? You are not taking this whole matter of the food that those disgusting little mortals have to stuff themselves with as the marvelous opportunity it is to drag them down to be what we want—food themselves for our ravenous and insatiable hunger.

It is, of course, quite impossible for us to grasp the fact, we with our damned spirituality, how important such revolting things as meat and bread and eggs are to those little animals who resemble the Enemy so much. Indeed, the Enemy Himself has attached a great deal of importance to food—and that, as you will remember from your classes in diabolical etiquette, is a materialistic gaucherie for which we will never forgive Him. He reminded those poor imitations of Himself to pray (imagine the groveling sensuality of it!) for their daily bread; above all, and this is something we have never really fathomed—there must be some dark design in it—He said that they might have Him in the shape of food.

You see, my damned Flibbitytoad, there is a spiritual angle to all this disgusting business about food. The Enemy has the strange power, and it is something that all our eons of Malefic Vision have never granted us—the strange power of being able

to take the most humiliating and nauseating human wants and desires and make them count, somehow or other, for currency of the realm in that Kingdom He boasts about.

Hence, our Applied Psychology indicates how you are to proceed. You are to bend your every effort to "cash in," I believe mortals say, on the interest in food they all have, all over their little earth, now that they are at war (as though they really know what war is! We could tell them, could we not?)—but to root up from that interest anything like a spiritual attitude. See if you can get them to think of food merely as of a certain amount of stuff that they cram into themselves to keep their miserable animal bodies strong. Never let them suspect that the very use of food can ever be turned into a praise of the Enemy. It is devilishly funny that so few of them have ever read what that arch-foe of ours, Paul, once said, something about "whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do, do all for the glory of God." It will be still more hellishly humorous, if their increasing preoccupation in food carries them still further away from that mawkish sentiment.

The opportunity is ripe, our Gehennan Global Planning Board feels, to kill off quite effectively any of these lingering ideas about the spiritual value of food. We hold this for two reasons: first, there exists, as you know, such a thing as rationing in almost all those funny little parcels that humans carve out and call countries; second, in many of those patchwork-quilt pieces, there is not merely rationing, but starvation. Does not the mere mention of those two facts make you cool with shame that you are lax to capitalize on them?

First, the rationing. We have always been baffled by the intolerable patience with which mortals suffer (yes, that's the horrible word they do actually use) the cruel injustices the Enemy loads them with. Have they no spirit of independence? Why have you not suggested this to them? Why are there so few complaints and whinings and curses descending to us? Among the American humans, especially, who are tabulated by our Psychological Arm as predominantly independent and self-sufficient, why does all this disgusting business of a meat shortage produce no infernal results—where are the riots that you have been taught to whip up? They take all the restrictions like dumb cattle—perhaps they do not even notice the meat shortage because they are just so much



animated meat themselves—but how we detest that word “animated.”

Don't try the excuse that these particular humans do not give you a fertile field to work in, because their rationing is no great hardship to them, that they still have plenty to eat. You remember Lesson One in the course on Guttony, do you not? There is a gluttony that refers to quantity, and another that refers to fastidiousness. Granted that they can still get *enough* to eat, they certainly cannot get exactly *what* they want. Hence it is comparatively a simple matter to get Mrs. Effington, who had, oh, but definitely, my dear, *had* to have her sirloin steak three times a week, discontented and unhappy and interiorly rebellious because she now has to get along on fish and fowl, that is, actually, much better for her. Inflammé this spirit of choosiness, my Flibbitytoad. Whisper to the poor ration-ridden animals that there are so many things they simply cannot eat, and what they can eat they just cannot hope to get. Make them discontented with the whole silly machinery. This will be a particularly lowering victory for you if you can accomplish that at this time, that loathsome season of Lent, when food means less to an alarming number of them. The more complainingly food-conscious they become, the less will they use food as the Enemy intends.

Now, all this is serious enough to have your probation extended several millennia, but the worst is not yet. There is, we understand from the Coordinator of Information, much interest among these same American humans in the question of getting food to the children who are so ludicrously starving in that section they call Europe. As a matter of disturbing fact, some food is actually reaching the country called Greece. That, my eternal reprobate, is *quite enough* show of that weak-kneed mercy the Enemy loves so warmly. You must put a stop to it, or I shall not be responsible for the disgrace that will burn you up.

How are you to stop it? Once again, bend the mind of those in control of that delightful food blockade to consider food merely as a material thing. Shut their eyes and close off their minds to the disquieting fact that mere crass food can play upon the spirit. For a human frame to waste away is, of course, a most gleeful spectacle for us, but it is a sad fact that many a mortal has wasted away in body only to find himself eternally nourished at the Enemy's table. However, starvation, though it works against us at times, is still grist to our mill. With the famished brain obsessed night and day with dreams of food, with the sense-bound human imagination filled with alluring pictures of steaks and turkeys (and you know how to fasten their imaginations there, maddeningly and nightmarishly)—it is easy to erase all thought of the Enemy, and all desire to do His will.

There is the good that the starving millions in Europe can bring to the further degradation of Our Infernal Father. The fact that they *are* starving is really insignificant, but the delightful consequence that, in starving, most mortals lose all will to resist, become spiritually atrophied, with

their conscience in their bellies—that is delicious.

Hence, whenever your routine takes you to a Conference Room where some pompous mortals are having one of their leaden-footed discussions on this point, let the feeding of Europe never touch on that fact. Let them never realize that the will to rise and throw off aggression will be dependent, among other things, on the physical strength to act. Keep the eyes of the planners on the present, and by no means let them dwell on the happy thought of the stunted generations of children who will be dull and sullen and distorted, mentally and physically. What a delightful harvest we may reap there for the next half-century or so!—though, of course, we have to admit to our abysmal shame, that the Enemy can draw even those disgusting specimens to Himself by that strange magnetism He calls Grace.

So much for the main points on the dossier. But, before I close (I note that the liquid fire in my pen is running low) I must touch on some subsidiary matters. You have been feeling your oats entirely too much since the mortals have been sporting at War. I fear you have been duped (yes, even with your damned angelic intellect) duped by some of their grandiose phrases. This “Global War” has tricked you into seeing the forest and not the trees. What you must do is to concentrate on details; it does not do simply to tempt all people with all sorts of vague generalities. You must tempt *this* person to shirk *this* duty—to laugh, for example, at the idea of giving a pint of blood to save a wounded fellow-animal. These are, I know, disgusting details for us to sully our chaotic parvificence with, but when we deal with half-animals, we have to attack them through their animality.

There is entirely too much of that damnable co-operative thing they call sympathy springing up in this war. Their Red Cross and blood banks and fellow-feeling for the Chinese and the starving Greeks—there seems no end to their maudlin concern with those they so alarmingly call, and actually do seem to consider, their fellow men.

Union, union, union—the hateful word shrieks in our ears—and all because you have missed the chance to disrupt them—food can do it, rationing and starvation can do it, something *must* do it, for if those human parodies of our deep spirituality do really come to unite in common action, we shall sink still lower. Oh, we shall still be strong (how typical of the Enemy's commonness to compare us to lions!), but we shall lose a great and mighty weapon—our hitherto happy skill to scatter and confuse.

Let there be, then, no further reports that the rationing is working smoothly, that people are taking it in stride; let there be an end to discussions about feeding the starving Belgians or French or Dutch. Selfishness! There, my darling damned relative, is your assignment for the duration. If you fill it ably, I think I can say, confidentially, you will stink ingloriously for all eternity. You may even be awarded an Infernal “E”!

Your ever detesting uncle,

Boozlebob.

ANCIENT legend tells us of the cobbler of classical times who wandered one day into an art exhibition. Observing a certain work of art, our shoemaker, as the story goes, accorded it the Boeotian Plaudit, a form of self-expression known to later history as the Bronx Cheer. His professional eye had noticed that the artist was somewhat lacking in the finer points of shoe-making. Having thus inflated his ego, the cobbler went on to expatiate in the larger field of artistic values. At this point a bystander tapped him on the shoulder and observed succinctly: "Cobbler, stick to your last."

We are reminded of this anecdote whenever we read of a gathering of physicians who, leaving for a moment their vocation of saving human life, take counsel about the expediency of stopping it before it begins, or cutting it off before its natural term.

Doubtless the physician has his place in any discussion of Birth Control or Euthanasia. He can, in the former instance, tell a woman whether it would seriously endanger her health or life to have another child; he is also competent to instruct his patients in the most efficient means of avoiding both future births *and* unusual self-control. He can likewise, in the Euthanasia discussion, advise on the most painless methods of ending human life; and, if he is willing to go out on a long and tenuous limb, can say that certain diseases are incurable.

But when it comes to legislation about the dissemination of contraceptive devices and information, or about legalizing painless killing, the problem moves from the purely medical into the moral and social field. Our experts here are no longer physicians but moralists and sociologists. The physician has supplied the professional information at his command, and should gracefully retire. Or if he wishes to remain for the discussion, he should understand that his medical knowledge gives him no more special competence as a moralist or sociologist than would a training in engineering.

Now, when it comes to taking advice of a moralist or sociologist, we have a right to inquire what kind of morals or social doctrine he offers us. We are now moving in the field of human rights and human society. It is quite pertinent to ask the advocates of birth control and euthanasia what they believe about human rights and the relation of man to society.

We live in a republic founded on the idea that man's "inalienable rights" come from God, and that the state is bound, under God, to respect them. We believe in a moral law which the state is not free to transgress. What do our birth-controllers and euthanasists believe on these points? If they would say that we do not rightly interpret the Divine law, we should be glad; for it would mean that at least they recognize that law as the basis of human rights. But as long as they confine their arguments to economics and sentiment, we must remain doubtful whether they fully understand our democracy.

## RE-EDUCATING GERMANY

PLANS for the future weal of the world, it is recognized, must include a vast program of education away from Nazism. The war will not be won on the day Hitler surrenders; the deep-seated virus of the Nazi philosophy will have to be purged from the veins of millions of Nazi youth, and education will be the saving sulfa drug.

Not any kind of education will do; to eradicate the brutal materialism a whole generation has been brought up in, an education with a spiritual soul will be imperative. Hence it is that planners, such as the London International Assembly and the Council for Education in World Citizenship, which met recently in London to discuss practical steps, will have to give serious thought to the educational work of the Church.

In 1937, of the 51,739 schools in Germany, 13,025 were Catholic. How many of these are still open, there is no way of knowing, but it is safe to say that but a pitiable fraction of that number is now functioning unhindered. If a new Germany is to arise, the first step must be for the United Nations to restore freedom to the Church in her apostolate of education. From these centers will radiate a philosophy and a way of life that is the antithesis of Nazi racism and paganism.

Nor is this mere theory. It is men with a Catholic education and with this mission of the Church at heart who are offering at present the greatest spiritual front line against the Nazi paganism. They are the German Bishops, and their influence after the war, if they be given full freedom of action to reopen all Catholic schools, will be incalculable for the re-education of Germans.

We strongly urge this fact, therefore, for the attention of United Nation leaders. It is agreed that we will not re-educate the Germans; rather, we must provide them with the opportunities to re-educate themselves. In Germany's now crippled Catholic schools there is a head of power that can sweep Nazism into oblivion. That power must find free scope. The Four Freedoms guarantee it; the resurrection of Germany demands it; without it, another generation of Germans will be spiritually rootless and a threat to peace.



## MR. EDEN'S VISIT

WITH a dinner given in his honor by Secretary of State Hull, the sixteen-day visit of Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, came to an end on March 29. The most sensational utterance he made, and that only mildly so, was his address before the Maryland State Legislature, in the character of a lineal descendent of Maryland's last Royal Governor. The heart of this talk was his assurance to China: "The day will come when the Burma Road will once again be open. It will carry to China an ever-increasing volume of supplies."

These were brave words. Their justification will be equally brave deeds to implement them.

In Ottawa, Mr. Eden saw the concept of the United Nation "Gradually taking shape," with ninety-five-per-cent agreement. But the impression could not be avoided that considerably more definite plans were in the making than the modest disclaimers would allow.

We can readily assume, what everybody apparently assumed, that the principal theme of Mr. Eden's visit was the discussion of postwar plans with regard to the relationships of the United Nations and Russia. In the absence of our knowledge as to what conclusions were reached in this field, in which his views are already well known, there is one conclusion that can be readily reached by all, which is that if postwar planning has become part of the routine of our own Government, there is nothing to justify the neglect of an attention to such planning on the part of the ordinary citizen.

It is not a question whether a theoretical case can be constructed for the notion that the war should be won first, and the planning left till after the war has ceased. Whatever may be said for such an argument, the plain fact is that the planning is now going on, not in one part of the Government alone, but in practically every part. The special subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on postwar problems began on March 31 its secret deliberation.

The favorite argument of those who would defer all such planning is that the scene may be wholly different after the war. Different it may be, but the persons who are now operating on the international scale will be operating then, the present movements and conflicts will be intensified. The present is the time for action.

## RAID ON THE TREASURY

STUDENTS of the Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius of Loyola have sometimes wondered why the Saint stresses so much the evil power of greed for wealth and scarcely ever mentions sex. In his analysis of the process by which the devil leads a man headlong to hell, which can be found in the first part of the famous meditation on the Two Standards, Ignatius explains that the first and usual step is temptation to riches, for once the victim has succumbed to greed, he will go on from there, more or less under his own power, to an inordinate love of honor and high place, and finally to pride and perdition. One famous commentator is so doubtful of the contemporary validity of this analysis that he avers, were Ignatius living today, he would substitute sex for greed as the first step on the way to hell.

Into this debate, we have no desire to enter, partly because of incompetence, partly because we have a feeling that the Saint, who knew a thing or two about human psychology, is closer to the truth than his commentators. Indeed, although sex has come to play a notorious part in modern life, there remains ample evidence that the imps of greed are doing business as usual—and thriving.

To take one example among many, consider the barefaced raid on the United States Treasury now being engineered by the private lenders of money—banks, loan associations and such. These gentlemen propose the immediate liquidation of the Home Owners Loan Corporation, and to this end have worked so successfully that recently the House of Representatives, with a minimum of publicity in the press, has actually passed a bill which would force HOLC to go out of business within a year.

Of course, proponents of the measure do not assert that they have greedy eyes on the best loans now carried on this Government agency's books. Quite the contrary. They only want to perform a patriotic war service by taking over an onerous Federal function which the burdened taxpayers of the land should no longer be asked to finance. They would slash the peace-time expenditures of Government to the bone so that the Administration would be free to devote its full energies to the war.

That is a plausible argument, and one designed to catch the sympathetic attention of the large anti-Administration group in Congress on the one hand, and Senator Harry Byrd's joint economy committee on the other. Unfortunately, though, for their scheme, in hearings before Senator Byrd's committee, John H. Fahey, Commissioner of the Home Loan Bank Administration, pretty well exploded both the economy myth and the patriotic pretensions of the money lenders.

He explained that if HOLC is forced to liquidate this year, the cost to the Treasury will be at least \$440,000,000, or \$373,267,000 more than the present deficit it has to make up, whereas if the liquidation is deferred until 1951, the date originally set by Congress, the loss to the Treasury, i.e. to the taxpayers, if present trends continue, should be only nominal. "The present proposal," he added,

"of sale and early liquidation means: give the Corporation's best loans to a few private lenders, keep the worst, and pass on to taxpayers heavier and more certain losses."

HOLC has been, since its creation by Congress to aid distressed home owners in the black days of 1933, one of the most efficiently conducted agencies in Washington. All told, before it stopped lending in 1936, it refinanced more than a million mortgages—which the banks were eager to unload—amounting to \$3,093,000,000. It is now engaged, and has been so engaged since 1936, in recouping as much of this public money as possible. By June, 1942, it had collected \$1,338,142,424, or about forty-one per cent of the total advanced. It stands to better that figure considerably, since, with improved conditions, ninety-five per cent of its active accounts are either current or less than three months in arrears.

From this brief resumé, the "patriotism" of those who want the HOLC liquidated will be apparent. It comes to this: the same people who gladly unloaded mortgages on a million American homes when these mortgages were liabilities, now want to take them back after they have again become assets! The fact that HOLC, which spent public money to refinance and rehabilitate these loans, stands to lose heavily on the deal, does not disturb these public-minded fellows and their Congressional sympathizers at all.

We have liquidated WPA. This is not the time to make another WPA out of HOLC for the sole benefit of private lending agencies who were rescued from disaster in the early 'Thirties by government assistance, and who do not need a new subsidy now.

At least, let them not disguise this raid on the Treasury as lofty patriotism born of the war and a holy desire for economy in Washington.

## UPHEAVAL IN THE C.I.O.

PRESENT indications are that the uneasy truce between Communists and anti-Communists in the C.I.O. has been shattered by an event that happened several thousand miles away—the Soviet execution of two Polish labor leaders, Victor Alter and Henryk Ehrlich (Cf. AMERICA, March 27). According to Frederick Woltman, writing in the *New York World-Telegram*, the active participation of James B. Carey, C.I.O. Secretary-Treasurer, in the meeting held to protest this political murder, was the catalytic agent that disturbed the precarious equilibrium hitherto maintained by President Philip Murray.

Disregarding protests that flooded Mr. Murray's office, as well as personal threats (Joseph Curran, head of the Leftist National Maritime Union, who telephoned a warning to stay away was told he "could stand on his head in Times Square"), Mr. Carey appeared at the meeting and excoriated the American Communists. Thus ended, we hope, by a single courageous act, a policy of appeasement that ought never to have been adopted.

## PASSION SUNDAY

On Passion Sunday, the fifth Sunday of Lent, your parish church takes on an appearance of mourning. A violet cloth covers the Crucifix and the statues in the Church. The Psalm is omitted which the priest recites alternately with the Mass server at the foot of the altar.

This is the first preparation for the great work of the Church in the two weeks that come before Easter. During that time the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ are acted over again, as it were, in the Church's services. The Gospel history is recited; Old Testament prophecies are recalled; ceremonies are performed which picture, in a way, the happenings of Christ's Passion.

These Church events are not just a pious spectacle for us to look at and admire. As members of the Catholic Church, we are expected to be part of them. In some ceremonies we can participate by outward actions, as when the Cross is adored on Good Friday. But we can take an inward part in all that the Church does. We are expected to pay attention, to follow the services devoutly, to ask our Heavenly Father and pray to Him just as the Church prays to Him during this season.

Surely the Church would not invite us to do this were she not perfectly certain that we were able to comply with the invitation.

In making this commemoration of the Saviour's Passion and Death, the Church acts as the visible representative of Him who is the High Priest of our Salvation. He is the Priest, as Saint Paul says in today's Epistle, who "by virtue of His own blood . . . obtained eternal redemption" for each of us and for the whole world.

The Church speaks His language, imitates His very gestures and wears His clothes. So when we, the members of His Church, take part in her worship, we are taking part in the act of worship offered by Christ, her Head and our High Priest. We share in the worship offered by His Priesthood.

Christ our Lord rebuked His enemies who refused to pay Him the respect that their father Abraham showed to the angels. We do not wish Him to rebuke us for any such ignorance or disrespect. He tells us to "keep his word," which means we are each to share to some extent in that sacrifice which in His own Person He offered "through the Holy Spirit" to God His Father. To keep His word we, Christ's brethren, must each of us take up a portion of His Cross. But for our share in His sufferings our High Priest promises a share in His eternal life and glory. "Amen, amen, I say to you, if anyone keep my word, he will never see death."

Hence the lesson of our whole Christian life is summed up in the events of these two weeks. We are called to take part in a great work, and we must know it intimately. You cannot follow these events too carefully and prayerfully. You cannot take too great pains to "cleanse your conscience from dead works to serve the living God." It is the season when we walk closest to the Saviour's side.



# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## THE CENTENARY OF HENRY JAMES

JOHN EDWARD DINEEN

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HENRY JAMES was born on April 15, 1843. During the quarter-century since his death in England, in 1916, how has his reputation fared, what seems to be the consensus of opinion about him, what are the prospects of his future position among writers of importance?

His reputation is still just about what it was during his lifetime. Among readers, he stands midway between such popular classics as Dickens, Thackeray and Trollope, on the one hand, and such favorites of the coteries as Thomas Love Peacock and George Gissing, on the other. Among critics, he is, perhaps more than ever, a favorite springboard for reflections on the art of fiction. There have been fashions among the intelligentsia in which Joyce, or Proust, or Virginia Woolf, or Hemingway, each in turn, has been the *dernier cri*, but it may be doubted whether all of them taken together have been mentioned as often as James.

The consensus of opinion about him cannot be captured in a phrase, or even in a paragraph. Between the foolish extremes of those who regard him as a highly refined freak and those who regard him as the most incomparable novelist of the Western world, and apart from those—their number is large—whom he leaves so cold as not to have any opinion about him one way or the other, most of his critics and readers are reasonably willing to take him as they find him, recognizing his great positive merits with pleasure and his deficiencies without bitterness.

His major deficiencies, of course, are the subtlety of his later style and the cold objectivity with which he writes about even those characters of whom he obviously approves.

His coldness is strange. Most of his leading characters are strongly emotional men and women, given to "vibrating" (to use a favorite word of his) to the life around them, and James himself was a strongly emotional man. Yet it cannot be denied that most readers, even those with the best will in the world, get the impression of beholding his characters through a clear but rather thick pane of glass.

The effect of his books is rather that of a scientific demonstration than that of an artistic revelation. The demonstration is expertly done, but the spirit is the spirit of science—or, at best, of metaphysics. Now and then a live character, like Chris-

topher Newman or Ralph Touchett, breaks through the pane of glass with a cheerful impulse of freedom and seems actually a citizen of the world the rest of us live in.

This coldness, James' greatest defect, is probably due to his sense of form, his greatest virtue. No more so than many a greater writer, but in a rather unique and painfully anxious way, James was an impassioned believer in artistic unity. No matter how long and how subtle his novels were (although it should not be forgotten that he wrote many delectable short stories), each of them revolves around a single dramatic situation, and practically everything his characters think, say and do must relate intensely to that situation. There is never anything casual about them, whereas, for the right effect, there *should* be. Hamlet and Portia and Soames Forsyte are more convincing to us in their casual remarks and idle reveries, which Shakespeare and Galsworthy freely allow them, than they are in those remarks and reveries which further the plot.

Hence it is that the interest in a James novel is centered more upon the unraveling of the central situation than upon the characters considered as having lives apart from it. It is almost, readers complain, as if everything he wrote was a mystery novel, like the vertiginously brilliant *The Turn of the Screw*. This is a pity, because dozens of his characters have in them the potentialities of really great and rare creations.

At times, however, this unraveling of the central situation is a fascinating and even a bracing process to follow; it is probably the chief delight which readers derive from James' novels. It is a legitimate delight and a distinguished intellectual diversion. Indeed, for such a diversion, as distinct from spontaneous artistic illusion, James, as a writer of fiction, is in a class by himself. But that does not quite qualify him to rank with his superiors, the masters of illusion.

The greater majority of social situations in Jane Austen's novels have been dissipated by time. It is Jane Austen's living characters who continue to keep her novels readable. Kindred situations in many of James' novels—American men going to Europe for culture, American women for titled husbands—have also been; if not dissipated, at least diluted, and along with the situations, at least half

the life of the characters involved in them. Perhaps enmeshed would be a better word than involved.

The subtlety of James' later style is a personal, honest affair, not an affectation. It was the simplest medium at his disposal for the transmission of his subtle material. Let us grant him that. He was an honest, unaffected man, guiltless of ever having resorted to creating effects by the sound of a word or the hypnotism of a euphonious cadence.

He had little of that tendency, not uncommon among English writers of the nineteenth century—but now, fortunately, abating—to fondle words for their own sake, like a miser fondling gold. The "alchemy of words," the possibility of words having an autonomous life of their own, did not interest him. If he could not impress by what he had to say, he disdained to make his impression by sheer sound.

Alchemy, after all, is not an art. It was merely, at one time in the world's strange history, a quack science.

James' style up to the time when he began to dictate rather than write is among the finest in English. It is the quick, assured servant of his thought, its beauties deriving from its consummate fitness. "Under all his culture, his cleverness, his amenity, under his good-nature, his facility, his knowledge of life, his egotism lay hidden like a serpent in a bank of flowers." The perfection of that sentence from *The Portrait of a Lady* is in its fitness to the character of Gilbert Osmond. There are hundreds of others like it, with equally felicitous similes. The simile, incidentally, is a figure of speech of which James was a witty and poetic master.

There is no reason why James should not continue to interest forever at least a small minority of readers. Within his limitations, he was a conscientious seeker after moral integrity and artistic beauty, which, in the Socratic tradition, he apparently regarded as synonymous. I say apparently, because on this point we must judge him by what he does, not by what he says. In the tradition typical of American, rather than of English, fiction, he does not preach. Many of his admirers are snobs, who prejudice readers against him, but he himself, although so highly individual and even eccentric as to be exposed to condemnation by critics too ready to find fault, was fundamentally modest and magnanimous. Such a man, gifted as he was with such a truly magnificent power of expression, cannot be forgotten by those whose tastes are cultivated.

It is even possible that, in the future, he will be somewhat more widely read than he has been to date. What he needs are two or three more level-headed sympathizers and publicists, men like Dr. Phelps, who will not present him with such an exaggeration of praise as to create suspicion. He has had more than his share of critics who have distorted him viciously, like the gentleman who complained that he wrote about nothing but middle-aged duchesses.

Actually, in his portraits, he was most successful first of all with men, and then with young American women. Indeed, many of the comments on him sound as if they were written by writers who had not troubled to read him. There is a book which states that Isabel Archer, the lady of the *Portrait*, divorces Gilbert Osmond and marries Caspar Goodwood. Actually she sends the excellent Goodwood home and returns, partly for religious reasons, to the serpentine Osmond, the subject of the sentence quoted in a previous paragraph. Her end is a brave tragedy rather than a cowardly and immoral escape.

There is another book which states that, after a number of vicissitudes, the hero of *The American* marries the heroine. Actually, the heroine enters a Carmelite convent, and remains there—the crowning vicissitude of them all for the hero. And in a third book, an otherwise really responsible one, it is stated that James had no interest in the beauties of nature.

It is a fact, however, that the dozens of passages scattered in profusion throughout his novels on spring in Italy, France and England are in the best tradition of Browning, Ruskin and Meredith. Perhaps the least sophisticated and most spontaneous of all his artistic impulses was the one which led him to write so beautifully and so often about landscape.

Lamb House, James' residence in Rye, Sussex, has been destroyed during the present war by German bombs. Even if it were still standing, and even if the war did not make pilgrimages impossible, no large forgoing of admirers from either his native America or his adopted England can be envisioned as reverently visiting it to honor his memory on April fifteenth. James was an admirable gentleman and an admirable author, but hardly, apart from his private circle, a lovable one. In his novels and short stories, however, there are qualities which at this season it might be a rewarding act of piety to re-examine—or, if we have not yet done so, to examine for the first time. Dividends will be forthcoming.

The best known of the novels of the controverted last period is *The Ambassadors*, his own favorite of all the canon. As for the others, Dr. Phelps' opinion is a good guide: *The American* and *The Portrait of a Lady* are the most satisfying. Among the short stories, *The Altar of the Dead* is the most famous and most beautiful and *The Secret Life*, based on James' observation of Robert Browning as a social lion, is perhaps the deftest in its high comedy.

[Next week, an article on an interesting "first" will appear in these columns. It will give the history and an appraisal of the first American novel, *The Adventures of Alonso*. This book was published in London in 1775 and written by Thomas Atwood Digges of Warburton, Md. It is to be re-issued this month by the United States Catholic Historical Society. Next week's paper will introduce Catholics to still another of their links with the past of our country.—Literary Editor.]



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## SPRING: 1943

This Spring will come as others came,  
The faded face of winter will be there,  
The rush and flush of meltings,  
And the same trees will burr with greenings.  
In his lair  
The beast will stir  
And bobble into blinding being.

This Spring will come  
With sun's caprice,  
Ashen, sapphire, it will meet the eye;  
The rains will come,  
The thin-spun warmth and chill  
Will, trembling, come from sky.  
And, oh, the robin on the green,  
Poised and hesitant lest wind  
Should scowl, tree chatter, worm bore deep;

And from warm billets, winter-binned,  
Brute-booted, iron topped, gun-swinging,  
Will come the soldiers,  
Singing as they go.

This is the Spring of life,  
The soldiers know  
That buds must burst  
And flowers must grow,  
This is the Spring when insects thrum,

And spinning larks attack great sky,  
This is the Spring when all things live,  
And singing soldiers die.

JOSEPH DYER

## BALLAD OF THE SLEEPERS

Three men by a garden wall,  
(Where art thou, Iscariot?)  
Three men by a garden wall  
Drowsed and dreamed that they were not  
Three men by a garden wall  
In a lonely spot.

Three men. And a Fourth was there.  
(Judas, greet the Sanhedrin!)  
Three. The Other wrestles where  
Moonwhite ways to hell begin.  
Three men dreaming: fields are fair  
When the Spring comes in.

Dream now while there's time to dream—  
(Bargain well, Iscariot.)  
Things are never what they seem:  
All these things are only what  
Dreams may make them, though the dream  
Soon will be forgot

"Little children, love each other,"  
(Judas, is the business done?)  
"As I've loved . . ." Ah, Holy Lover!  
Love we Thee, Thy mother's Son.  
Love we each, for Thee, our brother:  
Dreaming thus is one.

Kedron's rush ran redder, deeper,  
(Lead, Iscariot, the way!)  
Olivet tonight rose steeper  
Than it rose another day:  
Dreamed he thus, the second sleeper,  
Left to watch and pray.

Left to watch and pray, to ponder  
(Judas, dost betray the Lord!)  
Inwardly, the third will slumber,  
Mindless of the Other's word:  
Dreams of glory! Dreams of wonder!  
Head upon his sword.

Three men rising up in shame,  
(Sold, Iscariot, so cheap?)  
Blushing—hear Him call their names  
Huskily as one who weeps:  
When He's gone the way He came,  
Settle back in sleep.

Three men sleeping as they must  
(Judas, thus the angels fell.)  
One day under firmer dust—  
Dream, and muted Israel  
Dreams with them. To see them thus  
Satan smiles in hell.

KEVIN SULLIVAN

## MARCH OF THE UNBORN

Here comes America! Babes in the womb,  
Stirred at the word of release from the tomb.  
Here comes America! Strong as her streams,  
Braver and graver with resolute schemes.  
Pride like a tide in her mills and the might of them;  
Gaze all a-blaze with her hills and the height of them.  
Ready to live for her,  
Glory and give for her.  
Here comes America! Vibrant with dreams.

Here comes America! Nobler than I,  
Bolder to shoulder the sag in the sky.  
Here comes America! Sure of their worth,  
Yearning and burning for unfettered earth.  
Eyes that are wise with the will and the youth of them;  
Blood all a-thud with the thrill and the truth of them.  
Ready to vie for her,  
Venture and die for her.  
Here comes America! Who'll bar them birth?

LOUIS J. SANKER

## REIMBURSEMENT

When leaf time comes to my task-held, ragged farm,  
Grant me a dream's length to waste and stare  
While the poplars tune their slender harps  
Windward; a perfumed moment then of tangled hair  
Blown in a fragile breath of nodding tulip.  
Fold a close, dimmed path where the streamlet smoothes  
Her pebbled bed with a flip of cellophane;  
And show me, once, the first small tracks of hooves  
Some impish, tottering colt goes summer-ward on . . .  
I shall know the fiddler is paid, and up and gone!

AVANELLE WILMETH BLAIR

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1. The Congress and the President. (P. 701, col. 1)
2. \$38,000,000,000. (P. 701, col. 1)
3. Brigadier General William R. Arnold. (P. 703, col. 2)
4. 70% in 1942; 64% in 1929. (P. 702, col. 1)
5. No more—399,000 less. (P. 709, col. 2)
6. Because, in addition to giving the news, it points a direction for future world order illumined by Papal teaching, as valid today as 2,000 years ago. (Note particularly pages 705 to 708, inclusive.)
7. James C. Whittaker, with Rickenbacker party lost at sea for 21 days (P. 720)
8. "Kiss and Tell." (P. 723)

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## BOOKS

### AND GLADLY TEACH

**THE OTHER SIDE OF MAIN STREET.** By Henry Johnson.  
Columbia University Press. \$2.75

IN giving us *The Other Side of Main Street*, Henry Johnson, Professor Emeritus of History at Teachers College, Columbia University, presents a most interesting and thoroughly American autobiography. The extent of it is almost limitless, reaching from the early days of Sauk Centre, through the Continent of Europe and in and out of many small-town schools to the rostrum of Teachers College. The author is at his best when describing the intimate details of his early days and of his student life in many lands. Those who have been exposed, or are exposed, to lectures in a graduate school will relish with a particular delight the manner in which this professor of long experience gives a frank criticism of the professors and lectures to which he was subjected. In an unbelievable number of positions, and through an almost unprecedented number of interesting experiences, Henry Johnson was always a man with a sense of humor and a sense of the joy of life.

History teachers will recognize in this book a typical, yet outstanding member of their fraternity; professional educators will welcome this intimate glimpse of the country boy and immigrant who became an eminent educator; the average reader will enjoy the completely American tone of all the amusing anecdotes and the varied pattern of a full life. Two cautions, however, must be laid down. Henry Johnson—even while admitting some of the flaws of Teachers College—quite naturally looks with decidedly "rose-colored glasses" upon that institution, which has been such a fruitful source of the false philosophy and practice of education that he rightly condemns. And the historian and the professional educator not only nodded, but seems never to have awakened to the fact of the oneness of truth, the absurdity of speaking of "fixed frames of reference" in the search for truth. He simply is talking unhistorically and in contradiction to his profession if he denies the rightful place of a Catholic University, as he seems to imply on page 199.

He is, though, to be complimented for his insistence that there is little new in education, no matter what monicker the fad may be decked out in. One wonders if he would have been quite so harsh in his reminiscences of German universities if he had written them in more peaceful times.

E. J. FARREN

### REASSURANCE IN WAR

**DEATH AND LIFE.** By Martin C. D'Arcy, S.J. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2

FATHER D'ARCY touches the heart of a problem that has come home to very many of us with a ring at the doorbell and the War Department's telegram: "We regret to inform you. . . ." For the Christian, indeed, death has not the last word. But the others? Even they, in the fog of agnosticism or the blackout of atheism, cannot repress the feeling that life's story does not end with a bullet in Bataan or a torpedo in the Atlantic. To believer and unbeliever alike, Father D'Arcy addresses his book. It is not so much a polemic as a book of consolation. He wishes to reassure all those who are appalled and stunned by the sheer waste and destruction of the war.

The book falls into two parts; the first rests on human reason, and the second on Christian Revelation.



"Intimations of Immortality" is Father D'Arcy's phrase for the human approach. He is much concerned to enlarge the notion of immortality from the "horizontal" to the "vertical." We should not conceive of immortal life simply in terms of an infinite extension in time of our chief activities here (the horizontal view).

A material immortality is one of division, extension, an infinitely divisible continuum, disunion and separation. Such is the nature of matter, the longitudinal aspect of immortality; and its opposite is what I have called the vertical. By the vertical I mean what is opposite to all this, the aspiring, the spiritual and unifying, and what tends of its nature to be timeless.

In his study of the soul, the self, and personality, from which he draws his intimations of immortality, Father D'Arcy develops the importance of the vertical component in human life—its intellectual pleasures, its friendships, its altruism, its mysticism. He shows how these both call for immortality, and lift it out of the rut of a mere continuation of mortality.

In the second part, he turns on the light of Revelation; though at times it must dazzle our eyes a bit. He warns us, in the chapter on Hell, that:

... God is not just an object missed by our wrong aims, as Aristotle seems to have thought, but a live being, of three-fold personality, the source of justice and love. It would be bad teaching to describe the meeting of a free and finite personality with this living God in terms just of failure and loss. God is so alive as to be ablaze, and it is natural to think of what is good being lit by His flame into a new brightness, and what is evil being devoured by that same flame.

This is characteristic of Father D'Arcy's treatment. He draws us away from the old, static view of Heaven, Hell and Purgatory, and shows us the reaction of person on person, and the growth of what we are in this life into what we become in the next.

*Death and Life* is an interesting and profitable book. It is not always easy reading—sometimes one feels that Father D'Arcy has drunk perhaps too deeply, for the nonce, at the spring of Gerard Manley Hopkins. But whoever reads it must feel that his horizons have been widened, and that a new path of the spirit has been opened to him.

CHARLES KEENAN

## PROVIDENCE IN CIVILIZATION

LES ÉTATS CHRETIENS ET L'ÉGLISE. By Georges Simard, O.M.I., de la Société Royale du Canada. Editions Fides, Montréal et Editions de l'Université, Ottawa. \$1

FATHER SIMARD, professor of Theology at the University of Ottawa, is well known to Canadian radio audiences. His latest book, *Christian States and the Church*, is based on his weekly talks given during the 1941-1942 season. His original purpose was to bring comfort to his listeners by giving them a brief resumé of the history of Christian States, in order to prove that "God shapes the greatness of States in accordance with the needs of His Church and of Christian civilization" (Saint Augustine). In other words, he wishes the layman to understand how the hand of God has shown itself in past centuries. The inevitable conclusion is that we must put our trust in God, keep our hopes high and tell ourselves that, even if we do not fully grasp the workings of Providence, we are engaged in a task which will eventually bring forth good things destined to overcome the terrible evils which mankind is now facing.

Father Simard has drawn upon his erudition to give us the historical facts, but he has tempered these with penetrating observations on present-day problems, so that we readily see the relationship between the past and the present.

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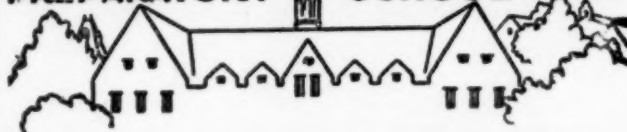
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the history of the Christian Roman Empire, the Carolingian Empire, the Germanic Holy Roman Empire, the Napoleonic Empire, the Russian, German as well as the British Empire, all with reference to the Church, and all written in a lively style.

The last quarter of the book is concerned with the United States and Canada. Here, in particular, Father Simard's message to American Catholics is one of hope. The future of Pan-Americanism is identified with that of Catholicism. It is well to remember that ever since they brought Occidental civilization to our hemisphere, the Catholics, be they Spanish, French or Portuguese, have held fast to the doctrines of the Universal Church. Pan-Americanism is, therefore, for the Catholic, a localized manifestation of the brotherhood of man as affirmed by the Holy See.

Pan-Americanism having become almost a *credo* with the United States, the least Catholic part of the hemisphere, with the welding together of both the north and south of our continent into a spiritual whole, we must, as Catholics, cease to think of ourselves as members of a minority group. If heads are to be counted, our group will loom large. The Church, as we well know, cannot directly enter into all phases of life. Here, Father Simard stresses the part which should be played by Catholic Action. It is our duty, for God and country, to lead Catholic lives not only in Church, on Sundays, but through our daily activities, be they political, educational, social or economic.

If we feel this is asking too much of us, we have only to recall the hardships encountered by the pioneers of Canada and the United States who brought our Faith to the New World. Nor must we forget that New France was a religious undertaking. We must also recall that the first gesture of Christopher Columbus, upon reaching our hemisphere, was to name the first island he set foot upon San Salvador (Holy Saviour) and, kneeling down on its soil, to pledge it to God and His Church.

Father Simard's work is both readable and instructive. It is also a militant call to sons of the Church to assert their pride in their heritage by active participation in the diffusion of Catholicism. PIERRE COURTINES

**ON BEING A REAL PERSON.** By Harry Emerson Fosdick. Harper and Bros. \$2.50

YEARS of radio preaching and a score of books have made the mind of Harry Emerson Fosdick well known to millions of Americans. Years of experience in dealing with the problems of troubled souls who have come to him for advice have made the mind of thousands of Americans well known to Harry Emerson Fosdick. It was only to be expected, therefore, that the pastor of New York's Riverside Church would eventually distill the quintessence of his experience in dealing with these mentally, morally or emotionally unstable minds into the pages of an interesting and valuable book. Those who read *On Being a Real Person* will agree that he has done so.

Firmly rejecting the theory that man is merely a plaything of forces over which he has no control, the author shows that man is to a large extent the maker of his own destiny. Dr. Fosdick's aim is to help his readers to make the most of the gifts that God has given them, and to that end he has

... endeavored to describe their familiar mental and emotional maladies, their alibis and rationalizations, their ingenious, unconscious tricks of evasion and escape, their handling of fear, anxiety, guilt, and humiliation, their compensations and sublimations also, and the positive faiths and resources from which he has seen help come

to them. His book, therefore, does not discuss theology but psychiatry, and all those who are interested in the formation of character, in themselves or in others, will find much in the book that will be of value to them.

The priest, especially, will profit by such a book as this, even though he will not agree with all the author's opinions. In his work in the confessional, he sometimes meets those who need the help of a good psychiatrist almost as much as they need a confessor. A book like



Dr. Fosdick's, which presents some of the most valuable features of psychiatry in such a readable form, makes it easier for the priest to understand such people and to help them in their troubles. JOHN J. HEALY

A LETTER FROM LISIEUX. Translation and commentary by John Mathias Haffert. The Scapular Press. \$1.75

WHEN the eternal sheaves are gathered in, it may well be that the wise men of this world will discover that the great family of our century was not a ruling house nor the clan of some great tycoon, but a simple French household—the Martins. Three daughters did they give to God in Carmel, one of them the sainted Little Flower whose fragrance has suffused our time.

On February 27, 1940, Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, eldest sister of the Little Flower, died. The third daughter of the Martins, Mother Agnes of Jesus, Prioress of the community at Lisieux, has written a report of the life and death of Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart. That report is the *Letter from Lisieux*.

It is the story of a haughty little girl who became, with God's help, a humble Carmelite living the little way her saintly sister walked. Written against the horrific backdrop of war, it is a serene story of God's grace working in a world of violence. Translated and edited by John Mathias Haffert, the scholarly lay apostle of the Scapular, the book embodies a chapter showing the prominence of that devotion in the lives of Carmelites and all Catholics. WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

HENRY FORD. *His Life: His Work: His Genius*. By William A. Simonds. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3.50

THIS biography of Henry Ford may completely miss becoming a best seller, but those who do read it will be repaid with hours of quiet enjoyment. Mr. Ford was born just after the battle of Gettysburg and his eighty years have spanned half the country's history—he has lived through wars and depressions—he has seen advances in every line of man's activity and he himself has done more than any other one man to put America on wheels.

This story of a man's faith in himself and his ideas, is one of unlimited patience and persistence; of disappointments, which would have discouraged most men; of a final triumph, which would have turned the heads of others. Neither adversity nor prosperity changed in any way the grave, quiet, kindly man, nor made him lose his interest in scientific research, the development of social and economic progress, and the unobtrusive helping of people to help themselves.

He has watched his dream grow from a crude hand-made engine in a small brick shed, to millions of cars, tractors and planes, built in the huge Dearborn plants, and his eightieth year finds Henry Ford, the man of peace, directing operations of the largest bomber plant in the world, to help regain peace and freedom for all of us.

Mr. Simonds knows his subject thoroughly, writes easily and vividly, and if he is a trifle prejudiced in a great man's favor, who shall blame him? For Mr. Ford undoubtedly is one of the few great men of this era. At the end of the book the author says: "It is much too early to write 'Conclusion' on the chronicle of Henry Ford, last of the rugged individualists. Rather, like the serial story in the magazine, there is another installment coming." ELIZABETH M. JOYCE

E. J. FARREN took his M.A. in Education at Saint Louis University. He reviews for the *Historical Bulletin* and *The Modern Schoolman*.

PIERRE COURTINES is Assistant Professor of Romance Languages at Queens College.

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"ART for use" is an objective which painters and sculptors regard with approval, as it opens a door towards a future in which the healthier, harder atmosphere of the art workshop will replace the slackness of studio life. This change can be made to serve the higher purposes of art and it is one that promises to increase financial rewards to workers in this now unprofitable field. For these reasons, identified with the artist's work and life, as well as for those related to the war effort and the part religion plays in it, the current exhibition of altar triptychs at the Pierpont Morgan Library is both relevant and interesting.

The exhibition is of painted panels in triple screen form, intended to be set on altars in Army and Navy camps, and is to be on view between April 6 and 9. It is indicative of the success of this effort to relieve the bareness of religious worship in camp, that 115 of the triptychs have been commissioned and are now in use in places as remote as Midway Island and Alaska, while others are destined for Africa, England, and wherever our armed forces abide on their way to victory.

Among the painters included are Hildreth Meière, Charles Lindenthal, Violet Oakley, Frank Reilly, Allyn Cox, J. Scott Williams, Ethel Parsons Paullins, Alfred J. Tulk and Nina Barr Wheeler. Another one of Miss Wheeler's triptychs is on the cruiser which brought President Roosevelt to his meeting with Prime Minister Churchill, a meeting which resulted in the Atlantic Charter. It was the gift of Corpus Christi Church, New York.

The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, located at 36 East 36th St., New York, initiated the idea of this work. Through the well sustained efforts of the Committee, under the president, Mrs. Junius S. Morgan, donors have been obtained, preliminary studies of the paintings secured and commissions awarded to artists, who are selected on the basis of these studies. The opportunities offered by the commissions should have wider appreciation, and it is to be hoped that painters whose work is of a vital type will get in touch with the Committee and secure data on submitting designs.

While I am conscious of the great worth of this effort, I may say that the purposes of assisting religious worship are better served by it than are those of an authentic, vital art. An inert quality, that seems ingrained in the work of those interested in forming art for church uses, is much in evidence here. I am now referring to the best of the triptychs, for some are only pieces of illustration and might be used, if they served a purpose, in one of the popular magazines. In none of this, naturally, is there much cause for artistic congratulation, and the work can hardly reflect the vigor of religious faith.

This result is one for which the artists are only partly responsible. The determining factor for successful scale and treatment of these painted panels should be found in a relationship to the spaces in which they are placed. As Army chapels are rather formless buildings, the painters probably elected to disregard the matter of relationship and to content themselves with doing something they hoped would fit in a variety of places. This, naturally, is not a condition that promotes anything like exactitude in artistic results.

There is, however, not much evidence of any struggle to cope with this difficult problem. That the shape of some of the triptychs (the work of a collaborating group of architects) can scarcely have been a stimulus to artistic inventiveness is a warranted doubt. On the other hand, recalling the bleakness of places of worship in Army camps, this effort to give altars something of the dignity they should possess must be welcomed both by Chaplains and the men.

BARRY BYRNE



# THEATRE

**RICHARD III.** Undoubtedly the great majority of male stars and leading men have experienced at some period of their acting career a passion to play Shakespeare. Many of them have died without realizing the ambition. A few have had their chance and succeeded. The majority who have made the experiment have failed to realize their own, or the public's, ideal of the parts, and after brief efforts have dropped their Hamlets or Macbeths or Shylocks to return to familiar modern roles. These last are undoubtedly happier men for having, as it were, tried themselves out. They have done what they wanted to do and have accepted the public's verdict and their own inner one on the results.

The latest aspirant is George Coulouris as Richard III. He is still with us, as I write, and the leading press critics have pronounced their verdict. Delicately put, it amounts (correctly, I think) to this, "A worthy effort, Mr. Coulouris, sound, interesting and workman-like—but not inspired."

Richard is one of the bloodthirstiest of the Shakespearean characters. From first to last, he kills off a score or more of the rivals who dispute his ascent to the throne of England. Coulouris lends himself to the slaughter with a fine abandon that carries the character at intervals but that never really penetrates to the inner recesses of Richard's evil nature.

This may be just as well, or better. But most of us are willing to watch Richard just as he was, selfishness and evil incarnate, and frequently more subtle than Mr. Coulouris makes him. The Coulouris version leaves the acting pretty much on one key, and its violence becomes monstrous at times. Nevertheless, there are singularly few thrills in the Richard that Coulouris gives us, compared with those that ran down my spine when I watched other stars in the role—Edwin Booth, Richard Mansfield and John Barrymore.

Let me put the comparison this way. We are deeply interested in the performance of Mr. Coulouris, but never deeply stirred. I can recall vividly the chilled spine with which I watched all of Booth's Richard, much of Mansfield's, and most of John Barrymore's. There were moments when Coulouris almost achieved the effects for which he was striving—notably in the murder of the Duke of Clarence, and the scene with the young princes who are also to be among his victims. One said to one's self: "This is going to be thrilling"; but one did not really thrill.

On the whole, the star's support is good—notably Philip Bourneuf as the Duke of Buckingham (especially fine in the scenes with Richard), John Ireland as the Duke of Richmond, and Harold Young as the Duke of Clarence. Helen Warren is convincing as Lady Anne, and Mildred Dunnock is a satisfactory Queen Margaret. We all remember Anthony Kemble Cooper, who comes to us often enough to keep himself alive in grateful memory. He plays Lord Hastings with a convincingness that is very impressive. Good work is also done by Herbert Ratner and Randolph Echols.

A point on which most spectators are not enthusiastic is the stage—two levels on the same setting. This is probably supposed to make for smoothness in action, but it works the other way. There seems a ceaseless, and to me, at least, an amazing amount of stair-climbing by the various characters—probably necessary in Shakespeare's time, but tiring to look at in this, and distracting in effect. The settings are Motley's and the lighting is Jean Rosenthal's.

Long something of a self-acknowledged crank on diction, I desire to put myself on record as protesting against the careless and often inaudible diction of Mr. Coulouris. Unless he has a severe cold it is unpardonable.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

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## FILMS

THE MOON IS DOWN. John Steinbeck's controversial book has been translated into one of the year's unforgettable celluloid experiences. Emotions are certain to be stirred by the picturization of Norway's rape, but deeper even than that, the film stirs the soul of an onlooker and makes one proud of man's dignity and faith. With amazing calmness and simplicity, considering the ferocity of its subject matter, there is unfolded on the screen the adamant refusal of a free people to allow their will to be suppressed by violence, or their spirit drained of hope and courage. The scene is Norway. It might just as truly have been any land in Europe that has had the misfortune to be trampled under the Nazi heel. Death or enslavement looms as the inevitable alternative for the natives of one mining village when their German "protectors" take over. Dazed and bewildered at first, the people band together, pool their plans, and become a seething opposition that harasses and foils the would-be conquerors at every turn. Irving Pichel's direction magnificently delineates the striking characters entwined in this maelstrom of conflict. Sir Cedric Hardwick's Nazi Colonel is a cold, contemptuous tyrant who unflinchingly pursues the course his training has charted for him, though he recognizes the futility of attempting to put free men in bondage. Henry Travers as the quiet, patient little Mayor, clearly propounds all the ghastly horror in the Nazi philosophy, when he unassuming sets out to comfort a man condemned to die and by his words sends the other to his doom with head held high. Peter Van Eyck is the lonely German officer, Dorris Bowdon the valiant girl whose loneliness drives her to avenge the killing of her husband. All these and the others in the cast give strong, vivid portrayals. Here is superlative entertainment that will sadden adults but at the same time elate them over the enduring faith of a strong-hearted people who will not yield to tyranny. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

AT DAWN WE DIE. Indubitably, it is unfortunate that a review of this film should follow so close on the heels of *The Moon Is Down*. For, though both are records of struggling human beings in occupied Europe, the other is a soul-stirring document while this is passable melodrama with many artificial moments. However, it is satisfying the remainder of the time. Here the Fighting French hold the stage, with the underground railroad from the Continent to England furnishing much of the suspense. The probability that a greater part of the fiction is founded on fact leads to a thrill in the narrative. Brittany, policed by the Germans, is the locale where sabotage runs rampant. An apparent collaborator, who really guides the movements of the underground, snags the best-laid plans of the invaders. The cast of this British-made feature includes Godfrey Tearle, Greta Gynt and John Clements, who offer convincing interpretations. There is plenty of suspense and enough interest in the story to reward members of the family. (Republic)

HARIGAN'S KID. This unpretentious racing tale will please all young and older movie fans who get any joy out of horses. Climaxing in a handicap race that is a real thriller, this plot is built around the affairs of a self-assured jockey who seems slated for trouble until the owner of a big stable buys his contract and teaches him what true sportsmanship really means. Bobby Readick, Frank Craven and William Gargan can take a bow for the honors in this pleasant piece of diversion that will appeal to all members of the family. (MGM)

MARY SHERIDAN



# CORRESPONDENCE

## IN RE FATHER COAKLEY

EDITOR: Here is a brief answer to a few of Hilda's rapid-fire queries in AMERICA for March 27. She says:

*Apparently Father Coakley does not know much about Social Work.*

I admit I don't know much about Social Work or about anything else. Nevertheless, to overcome my ignorance I founded the very first School of Social Work in the City of Pittsburgh, antedating that founded by the University of Pittsburgh, or any other institution. At that time I was in charge of Catholic Charities in the Diocese of Pittsburgh, and I had all the workers in my office and in the field attend the lectures every day for two hours, thus complementing their actual experience with the theory obtained in the lectures. When I no longer had charge of Catholic Charities the School folded up.

*Why does he not keep up with the times, and utilize all modern advances in knowledge and technique in social planning?*

I would think myself rather slow and doing a sloppy job if I merely kept up with the times, Hilda. The times are awfully slow, and a good proportion of the population is slower, and the slowest of all are frequently those in high places. For years I have tried to be far ahead of the times, because I think a priest should pioneer the ventures of faith in every department of human activity. Why should we allow Communists, pagans, anti-clericals, Socialists, labor leaders, rabble rousers, to think faster and more constructively than we Catholics? For years the best thought of the most advanced Social Workers who really know their job and who have the high courage of their convictions, is to try to accomplish everywhere what we have already, and for the past twenty years, accomplished at Sacred Heart, Pittsburgh; that is to decentralize the whole job of relieving the poor; to make it a parish and neighborhood affair; to have more intimate contact with and love for the poor, and to get away from endless, useless, embarrassing and expensive red tape and delays in alleviating the countless wants of the poor.

*Does he not know that no Parish can adequately handle its problem of poverty?*

Against a fact, no amount of theoretical evidence to the contrary is of the slightest value. We do here adequately handle the problem of poverty, unemployment and the hundreds of ills attendant upon it, so far as it concerns our own parish, and principally concerning the satisfaction and consolation of the poor themselves, who, outside of Almighty God, are the only ones whose opinion counts.

The brilliant and dozy sunshine of Arizona's desert must have gone to your head, Hilda. When you get back to the clear, cool, invigorating atmosphere of the North, you will see things in their proper perspective.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY

EDITOR: Honestly, your subscribers in Pittsburgh are having a hearty laugh at your gullibility in falling for Father Coakley's trick. He must need publicity badly when he resorts again to his old scheme of attacking himself so he can come back with a stinging rebuttal. How could any editor think such a letter was bona fide? Doesn't it raise points that have nothing whatever to do with the subject under discussion, for the very obvious purpose of making an opening for a reply? What lay person would write so unrestrainedly about a priest, in a letter to appear in print? Do you think the *Nation* or *Time* or any other publication of the slightest jour-

nalistic experience would fail to detect that piece of sham? Or did Father Coakley make you party to the trick when he sent the letter in, or when he went to the trouble of sending it to Tucson to be mailed? If you have any contact with Pittsburgh, you should know that he has performed this stunt repeatedly, has been exposed in it and jeered at for it; and still deludes himself into thinking he can write a fake cleverly enough to fool people. Apparently he has fooled you. As proof, I'll bet you already have his rejoinder, prepared before the "Tucson" letter was even mailed.

San Jose, Calif.

FELIX SEDNONCOMPOS

[Even if "Hilda" were constructed in Pittsburgh, she has provided some good copy. Ed.]

## QUITE-SO DEPARTMENT

RE MORALLA'S ARTICLE YES WE HAVE CATHOLIC DAILIES WE ALL KNOW ABOUT FOREIGN LANGUAGE DAILIES BUT COMMONLY UNDERSTOOD MEDIUM OF EXPRESSION IN USA IS ENGLISH.

RAYMOND ETTELDORF. USA.

EDITOR: It may interest AMERICA readers to know that the reputedly bigoted and intolerant city of Belfast, Ireland, has had a Catholic daily for the past fifty years or more. Incidentally, when its publishing plant was bombed by the Germans, the Catholic paper was printed off the Orange presses until its own were rebuilt.

New York, N. Y.

CHARLES KEENAN

## LESSON FOR "LIFE"

EDITOR: I looked for and was glad to find, in AMERICA of March 20, 1942, the editorial on *Life* magazine. Your treatment indicated every courtesy possible.

*Life* and other such magazines are out for a profit. If Catholics wrote in their objections and dropped their subscriptions (I did both), or left the magazine stand in the rack, then *Life's* editors would soon wake up. Otherwise they will do it again, because that kind of material pays them dividends.

Richmond Hill, N. Y.

C. N. SCOTTO

## OWN A LIBRARY

EDITOR: Due to the Victory Drive, people are beginning to be interested once again in books old and new. We might have collectors again, and private libraries that mean so much to their owners, however small and humble the beloved book collections may be. Books are so cheap now, almost anyone could start his own little library. And what is more fascinating than hunting for bargains on the shelves and counters of second-hand book shops?

Antonio Magliabecchi, apprentice to a goldsmith, saved every penny he could to buy books, and read them at night in his only leisure moments. In time he became the greatest of Florentine scholars, visited by and in correspondence with all the intellectuals of the world. An old bachelor, he filled his lodgings with books—books on the window sills, in the halls, on the stairs, everywhere. When he died, in 1714, he designated that his treasured collection of more than 30,000 volumes be turned into a public library. In time this became the *Biblioteca Nazionale*.

New York.

ANDREW HAIRE

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# PARADE

THE inadvisability of following certain modes of conduct was experimentally demonstrated. . . . That judges should not accept checks in payment of fines from defendants charged with passing worthless checks was shown in the Midwest. A youth there, convicted of paying bills with no-good checks, handed the judge a check for his \$25 fine. After this check bounced, the judge admitted that some other method of paying fines was preferable. . . . The disadvantage inherent in appointing former inmates of insane asylums to the police force was made clear in New York. A Gotham policeman, nineteen years out of an asylum, but with an excellent department record, decided to shoot at some citizens on his midnight tour. He halted a taxi, shot at the passenger inside, beat up another man, turned in a false fire-alarm, grabbed an ax when the firemen arrived and chased them with it. Commenting later in a straitjacket on his night's work, he remarked: "It was very amusing for me to shoot at people." Asked why he neglected to mention when applying for the policeman's job that he was a former asylum inmate, he said he had felt the authorities might not want to appoint a crazy man to the force. . . . The inconvenience caused by the practice of jumping at conclusions was brought into clear light in Oklahoma. A lady there phoned the Fire Department, said: "This is 615 McFadden Drive." Without waiting to hear more, the assistant fire-chief hung up the phone, exclaimed: "Let's go, boys." When the fire apparatus arrived at the lady's house, she inquired: "Why did you hang up so fast? I just wanted to ask permission to burn some trash." . . .

Reports from police departments poured in from scattered areas. . . . In Indiana, a young suspect stole a pipe from a detective about to question him. . . . In Pennsylvania, police broadcast a two-state alarm for police to be on the alert for a stolen police car. . . . In Massachusetts, some youths put their bicycles in a police garage for safe-keeping. The bicycles were all stolen. . . .

Social changes forged by the war seemed to be crystallizing. . . . The horse and the pushcart began to vie with the auto as menaces to traffic. . . . In Long Island, a forty-two-year-old woman was arrested and fined for driving a horse-and-buggy while intoxicated. . . . A middle-aged Illinois man was taken into custody for speeding with a horse-drawn milk-wagon, while under the influence of liquor. . . . An elderly New Yorker, somewhat inebriated, ran foul of the law for displaying too much abandon with a pushcart he was propelling through crowded streets. . . . Headlines mirrored the changing customs. . . . One read: "OPA Puts Ceiling on Women's Heels." . . . Another read: "Pet Monkey Turns on Lights During Blackout. Owner Fined." . . . Sunkissed dynamite seemed in the offing, as scientists announced steps to make explosives from oranges. . . . Rattlesnake steaks, free of rationing, jumped in price. . . . To conserve their automobile tires, Oklahoma Indians called off a tribal powwow. . . . Homes were losing their attraction for housewives. . . . One, a radio ham at thirteen, a wife and engineer at twenty-four, said: "To be perfectly frank, although I like my home, I'd hate to be just a homemaker." . . . Said another: "If men try to relegate women to the nursery and kitchen after this war, the upheaval in this country will make the present war look like a peaceful little picnic by comparison." . . . With women invading all fields, some social students believe it not unlikely that at the end of the century an "Equal Rights for Men" movement will be under way.

JOHN A. TOOMEY



# THE AMERICA BOOK-LOG FOR MARCH

REPORTING THE RETURNS SENT BY THE CATHOLIC BOOKDEALERS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY ON THE TEN CATHOLIC BOOKS HAVING THE BEST SALE DURING THE PAST MONTH.

*Family That Overtook Christ—Raymond*  
*Song of Bernadette—Werfel*  
*Mass of Brother Michel—Kent*  
*The Robe—Douglas*  
*Pageant of the Popes—Farrow*  
*These Two Hands—Edwards*  
*Rose Unpetaled—Morlieville*  
*Larks of Umbria—Schimberg*  
*Pack Rat—Kelley*  
*Great Modern Catholic Short Stories—Mariella*

Close to the ten above in popularity were the following: Face to the Sun—McGratty, with 10 votes; Companion to the Summa—Farrell and Rig for Church—Maguire, each with 9; For Heaven's Sake—Brennan and Across a World—Considine, each with 8. Catholic reading habits are charted for you in the Book Log month by month.

	14	14	15	16	17	18	18	28	32
Boston—Benziger Bros.									
Boston—Plus XI Cooperative									
Boston—Matthew F. Sheehan Co.									
Burlingame—Catholic Union Store									
Cambridge—St. Thomas Moore B'kshop									
Chicago—St. Benet Bookshop									
Chicago—Thomas Moore Bookshop									
Cincinnati—Fr. Pustet Co.									
Cleveland—C. J. Phillips & Sons									
Dallas—Catholic Book Store									
Denver—James Clarke Church Goods									
Detroit—R. J. McDewitt Co.									
Detroit—Van Antwerp Cath. Library									
Hartford—Catholic Library									
Holyoke, Mass.—Catholic Library									
Los Angeles—C. F. Hornan Co.									
Louisville, Ky.—Rogers Ch. Goods Co.									
Milwaukee—Holy Rosary Library									
Minneapolis—Catholic Gift Shop									
New Bedford, Mass.—Kearney's Bk. H.									
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Portland—Catholic Book & Ch. Supply									
Providence—The Marion Bookshop									
Rochester—E. Trant Churchgoods									
St. Louis—B. Herder Book Co.									
St. Paul—E. M. Lohman Co.									
San Antonio—Louis E. Barber Co.									
San Francisco—The O'Connor Co.									
Scranton—Diocesan Guild Studio									
Seattle—Guild Book Shop									
Seattle—The Kauter Co.									
Washington—Catholic Library									
Westminster, Md.—Newman Bookshop									
Wichita—Cath. Rental Library									
Wilmington—Diocesan Library									
Winipeg, Can.—F. J. Tonkin Co.									
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